FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

October 5, 1974

Saturday Review World

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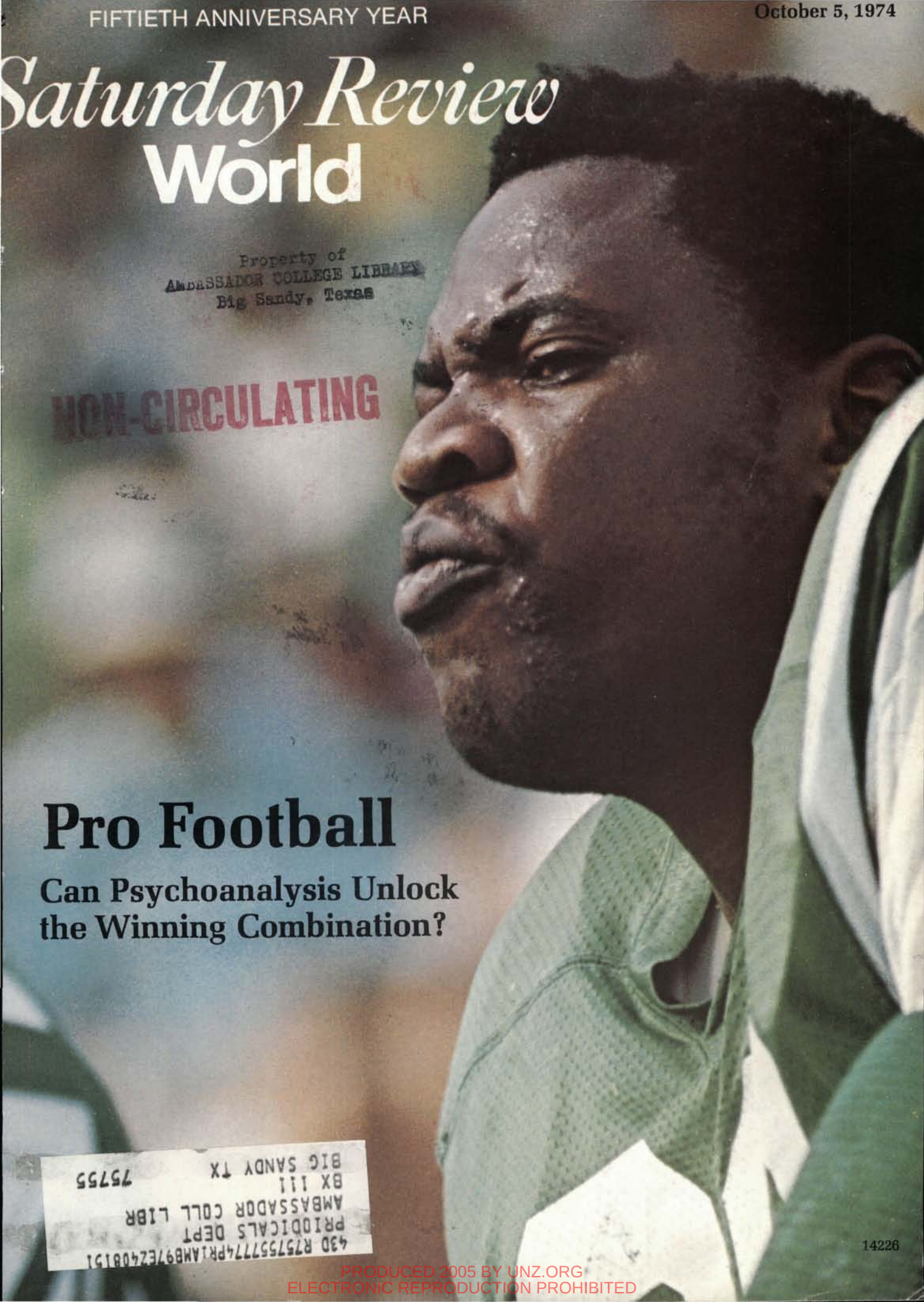

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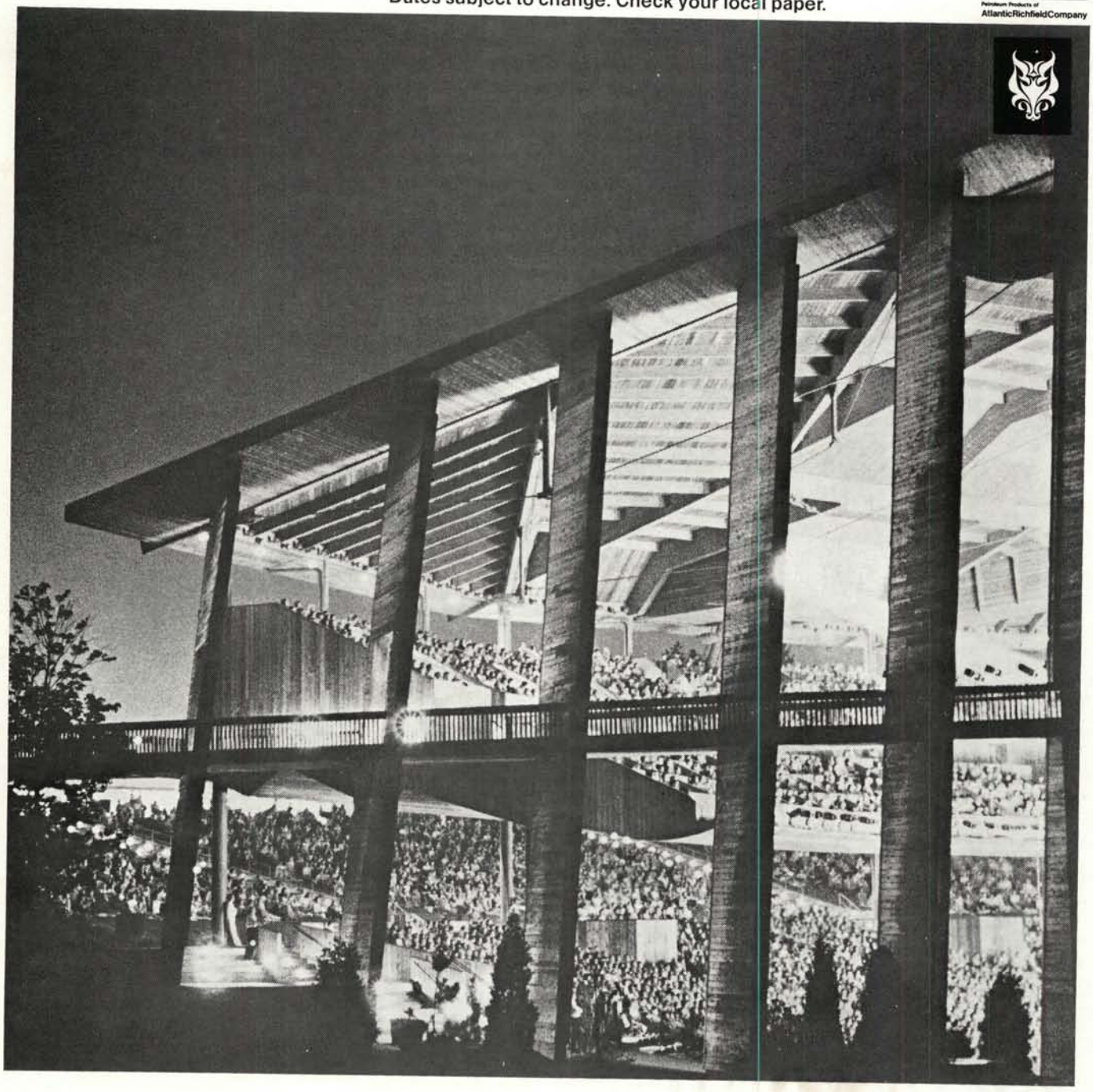

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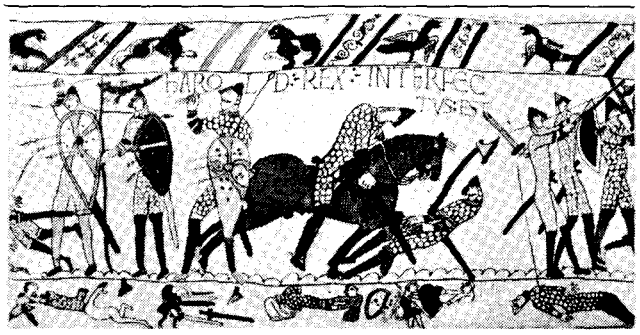
Harold's Eye
Myth or History?

BY JOHN LETTS

Every schoolboy knows the story of the Norman arrow, fired high into the air, that pierced King Harold's eye at the Battle of Hastings. But its first appearance in history was not till 1176; and most probably, arose from a careless reading of the last section of the Bayeux Tapestry, shown on the right.

Yet the tapestry remains our best source of reliable information about the Battle of Hastings, the earliest *written* account (that of Guillaume de Poitiers) coming, most probably, a decade or so later.

Dr. Lewis Thorpe's new book, *The Bayeux Tapestry and the Norman Invasion* (published by The Folio Society) is the first to bring them together: an extensive translation from Guillaume de Poitiers, and the entire 214 foot tapestry, reproduced in continuous format in full colour. Nothing published before has quite done justice to this extraordinary heirloom of the past: unique not only for its great artistic skill but also for the wealth of information it provides on contemporary life and as our earliest evidence about the events surrounding the savage and primitive battle fought on Saturday, 14 October 1066, and the Norman invasion which preceded it—events of the first importance in the whole development of modern Europe.



At left, an arrow is shown at the eye or helmet of an English Knight. But today, Harold's death is usually assumed to be depicted on right.

A Few Untruths about The Folio Society

Several thousand booklovers in the United States belong to an unusual club. Neither wholly a book club nor wholly a publisher, it has headquarters in London, England, a few yards from the site of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre—yet it services your orders as promptly as it could if it was transported to Manhattan. Its name—internationally famous for good book design for over 27 years—is The Folio Society. It doesn't mass produce, it doesn't buy ephemera from other publishers, it doesn't allow you credit, and it doesn't use a computer. And many potential members are wrongly informed about what it *does*. For instance, it doesn't simply reprint classics. A substantial part of the list is previously unpublished or newly translated. It doesn't *only* make luxury editions. The average cost of all the books in the current list is a little over $9 (post free to your door). It *isn't* too English. In choice of book and artist, it is probably the most international book club in the world. And, while it does not lure you to join by fantastic offers, the rewards you get are substantial (like a free copy of *The Bayeux Tapestry*, normally $8.50). See below...

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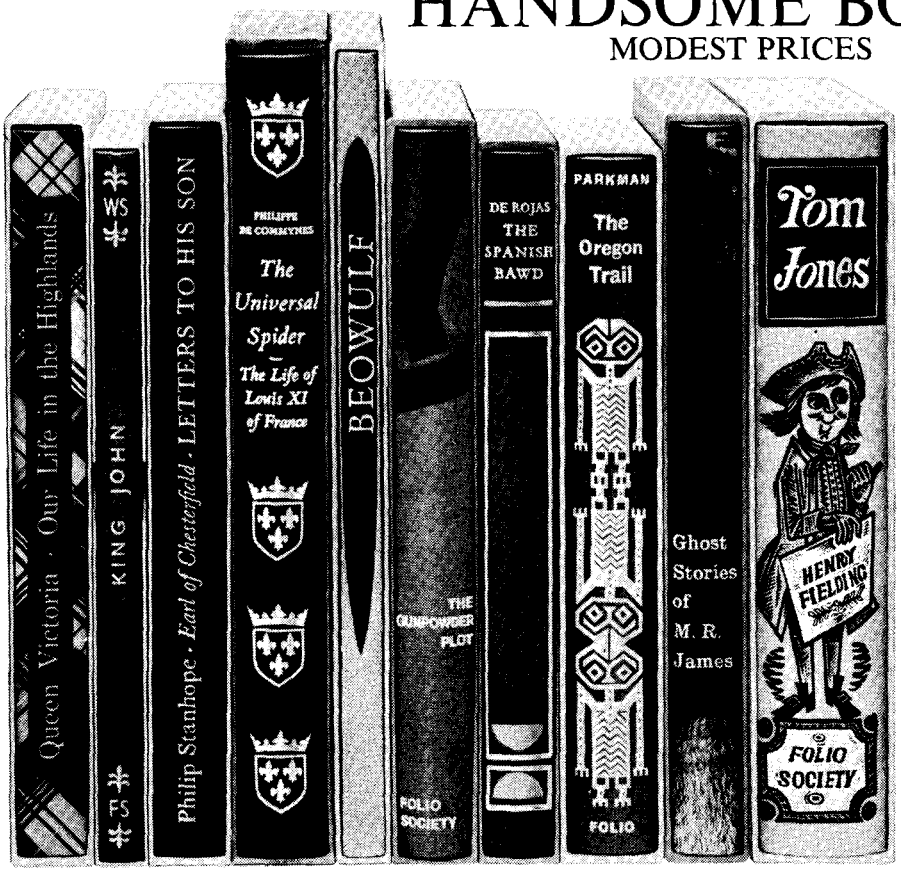

Any lover of books will find it easy to choose the minimum of four books that will make you a member of The Folio Society, from the current list of over 100; carefully balanced (much as you see here) between the familiar and the unfamiliar, from literature and history, of all ages and languages. All are fully described and illustrated in the free 32 page 1975 Prospectus. With it will come your copy of *The Bayeux Tapestry* (normally $8.50; free if you join). Completing the coupon commits you to virtually nothing, so why not do it today?

To: Membership Secretary, The Folio Society, 202 Great Suffolk St., London SE1 1PR, England.

I am interested in joining The Folio Society, and would like to see a copy of *The Bayeux Tapestry*, together with a copy of the 1975 Prospectus. I will send on my order for a minimum of four books promptly, or else return *The Bayeux Tapestry* volume. 53Z

MR.
MRS.
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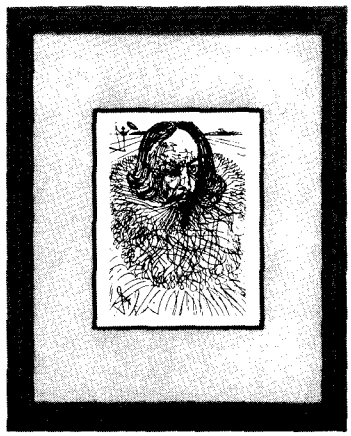

Cervantes

El Cid

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Additional art specifications about the masterworks illustrated on this page: Each was pulled by the master craftsman, Emiliano Sorini, at his studio, in non-limited editions in 1974 from plates not cancelled. These are *first state* original prints whose prior edition was limited to 125 signed, plus 10 artist's proofs. None of these plates has been reworked; all remain as they were intended by the Master who created them.

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Who Owns the Ozone?

The ozone in the stratosphere is no less vital in sustaining life than the oxygen in the atmosphere. The ozone shield protects living things against the destructive effects of ultraviolet rays. In particular, ozone prevents the sun's rays from tearing apart protein molecules in plant and animal life.

We now learn that the test explosions of thermonuclear bombs by the United States and the Soviet Union in 1960 and 1961 punctured the stratosphere, resulting in a 4 percent loss of ozone. The loss may be irreversible. The disclosure comes from Dr. Fred C. Iklé, director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

No figures have been released, assuming they are available, about the effects on the ozone of nuclear testing by France and the People's Republic of China. Both countries have persisted with nuclear explosions despite worldwide protests. If the human race had 96 percent of its life-supporting ozone left after the United States and the Soviet Union got through with it, how much is left now? Ninety percent? Eighty percent? How much would be left after a full-scale nuclear war?

Dr. Iklé has explained that the heat produced by a nuclear explosion results in the formation of nitric oxides. As the atomic cloud rises, the nitric oxide molecules destroy the ozone molecules. The resultant loss of ozone could create all sorts of havoc with the delicate and intricate chain of life on earth.

Much remains to be known. No one yet has any definite knowledge about the critical limits; that is, precisely how much ozone is necessary to sustain human life. Dr. Iklé says that too many punctures could "destroy critical links of the intricate food chain of plants and animals, and thus shatter the ecological structure that permits man to remain alive on this planet."

Meanwhile, one thing is obvious. The nuclear tests of 1960 and 1961 represented no more than one or two percent of the total megatonnage of nuclear power now stockpiled by the United States, the Soviet Union, China, France, Great Britain, and India. The existing nuclear stores, if used, would create more than enough nitric oxide to obliterate the ozone.

Under these circumstances, even the possession of nuclear explosives is an explicit crime against humanity and should clearly be recognized as such by world public opinion. The notion that these ozone-altering weapons are essential for national security makes no sense unless we take the view that the right to wage nuclear war is more important than human rights, more important than the need to preserve the human habitat, more important than the future of civilization, more important than our obligations to generations to come.

Justifying the nuclear-arms race on the basis of national security is no more rational than justifying a race to drill the largest holes in the opposite ends of a lifeboat. In a very real sense, all the peoples in the world today are adrift in such a lifeboat. The Americans are at one end, the Russians at the other, the rest of the world's people in between. The fact of a common peril has yet to penetrate the minds of the boat's occupants. The only chance for survival is through recognition of a common destiny. Yet the leaders are seized by the idea that they can safeguard their own sections of the same boat by threatening to drill larger holes in the enemy's section than the enemy can drill in theirs.

THE PRIME failure of modern society is that it has neither the philosophy nor the institutions to deal with crimes against humanity itself. Public fear and indignation are aroused by palpable things—a woman assaulted in a doorway, the hijacking of a plane, the terrorist bombing of a school bus, Watergates. But the conversion of masses of men into killers, the disfiguration of human values on a mammoth scale by governments themselves, the diversion of natural resources and human energies into the means of senseless total destruction, the assault on the conditions of life, the puncturing of the ozone layer—these are towering crimes. The failure to see them as such is a danger in itself.

The governments persist in their policies despite the fact that no nation can wage nuclear war against another without also going to war against the human race. Even the preparation for such a conflict is tantamount to an act of war against the species. Yet there is no institution in this world that can pull the nations back from the brink, that can define crimes against humanity and act against the criminals, that is capable of making and carrying out moral judgments, or that can uphold the rights of the next generation.

No need on earth today compares in urgency or size with the need to create such an institution. The United Nations is the closest we have come to it, but the curious notion persists that a world organization can only reflect, and not transcend, world differences. The main business of the United Nations is human survival. Any lesser concept perpetuates the present insanity. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

Annotating Ahab

I greatly enjoyed Irving Howe's article ("Literature of the Latecomers: A View of the Twenties," August 10). However, I do wonder about one statement he made about Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*. Howe writes that "it seems at least arguable that Ahab so dominates *Moby Dick* . . . that the final thrust of the book is a reassertion of Promethean romanticism, the dominion of the unbowed will, at no matter what cost."

. . . I think it clear that though we may admire Ahab's "individual will," we, as readers, do not feel his absolutist position of rebellion and search after the whale to be justified or exalted by the last page. Identifying the evil with the whale, failing to see it in himself at all, Ahab is a transition character in the epic struggle of man vs. monster. . . .

Yes, Ahab is a tragic figure, a "mighty pageant creature," but it is Ishmael, and not Ahab, who is saved. Melville is telling us that Ishmael, and not Ahab, is somehow worthy of spiritual salvation. . . . Monomania resulting in the deaths of the men of the *Pequod* is not glorified or reasserted. . . . To argue such would be an ill-fated attempt to clarify what is not meant to be clarified.

Margaret Stuhr
Williamstown, Mass.

Repast Revisited

George Stevens ("The Birth of the Phoenix," August 10), speaking of Christopher Morley, refers to "his excellent invention, the Three Hours for Lunch Club." It is just possible that I am the sole surviving alumnus of that admirable institution. . . .

I was an engineer officer in the U.S. Navy, assigned mainly to destroyers based in Philadelphia; and it was there that I became a contributor to Morley's column in the *Public Ledger*. . . . But by 1922, when Señor Emile Bacardi died, Morley had moved to the *New York Post* . . . and he printed an advertisement in the "Bowling Green" calling for a suitable "metrical elegy, exequy, homily, threnody, paean, chantey, or recessional" [for the distiller Bacardi], offering an unnamed prize for the best.

Being a confirmed Morley addict, I got his "Bowling Green" whenever I put in at New York, and happening to see the advertisement, I wrote a Drinking Song . . . signed it "Lieut" and submitted it. But I was at sea when he announced that I had won the prize and asked me to get in touch with him. Fortunately a New York friend of mine who knew of the poem saw the announcement and sent Morley my name and address, and I received his invitation to come at noon to his office at the *New York Post* on Vesey Street. . . .

And there I finally met him at his desk wedged into a room that was literally a box of books. . . . From the golden haze of the ensuing afternoon I remember how Chris called a meeting of the Three Hours for Lunch Club for my installation as a member; that among the several who came was William McFee to pass upon my nautical authenticity; that it was moved that we have lunch at the Metropolitan Museum but must avoid looking at any work of art; and how after hastening by the Greek statues, we were given a round table in the museum's cafe, and having ordered lunch, were smoking our pipes and talking our heads off when the manager of the cafe . . . called our attention to several No Smoking signs; but that, when informed of the nature of the occasion, we condescended to have our table set up . . . in the boiler room of the building down below, which was like the bowels of a ship.

And it all seemed out of this world until I was called upon to recite the prize-winning poem, when to my horror, I discovered I could not remember a line of it. Fortunately, Chris had with him a copy of the column in which he had printed it, and my reputation was saved. . . .

Irving Fineman
Shaftsbury, Vt.

Putting Peace in Perspective

The fiftieth anniversary issue of *SR/W* (August 10) is absolutely fascinating for a guy of 69, and I am sure equally so for many who did not have the advantage of having been 19 in 1924. . . .

I was surprised that the anniversary issue did not mention the tremendous development of organized international cooperation since 1924. To be sure, the League of Nations failed to maintain peace, but succeeded beyond its founders' wildest dreams in the economic and social fields. . . . There were 72 intergovernmental organizations in 1920 . . . but 190 in 1960.

Many of our best scholars and analysts are so immersed in the concept of "peace" being only the absence of "war" that they are unable to recognize what has been going on for 100 years, particularly since 1920. How else can one understand Henry Steele Commager's sole reference to this whole process as the "stirrings of life in the U.N."?

Waldo Chamberlain
Hanover, N.H.

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1. *These are legal tender currency.* As such, they are not to be confused with commemorative "medallions" and pseudo coins. In the past, legal tender proof coins have increased in value by as much as 225% in a single year. In fact, since 1950, the coin market has averaged a yearly gain of 25%!

2. *These coins are struck in severely limited editions.* Only 30,000 of each silver coin and 3,000 of each gold coin are being issued in proof condition throughout the world. Once the original issue is sold, future collectors will have no choice but to obtain these coins from the original buyers, such as yourself. After the last proof coin is struck, dies will be destroyed in the presence of an official of the issuing nation.

3. *These are proof coins,* designed and struck to the highest possible quality. They are stamped from special high-quality polished dies. Their raised relief is frosted on a mirror-like background. They are microexamined for flaws and are never touched by bare hands. This is the procedure followed by the Royal Mint to make presentation pieces for the coronations.

4. *These coins are issued only in silver and gold,* precious metals with high intrinsic values that have risen steadily in recent years. Although U.S. citizens may not now purchase gold coins of recent mintage, this law will be changed by January 1, 1975, and we are, therefore, accepting applications at this time.

5. *These coins are created under truly history-making circumstances.* Never before have proof coins of this quality, in such limited quantities and to uniform specifications, been issued in an international collection. The pleasure and pride of owning such coins cannot help but to increase the demand for them.

How the coins are issued

Each of the 24 participating nations will issue three denominations of coins—a 42mm diameter silver coin, a 38.61mm smaller silver coin of different design, and a 34mm gold coin, also with its own design. One side of each coin will depict a species endangered in that country. The other side will be the country's standard design.

Every two months the coins of another nation will be offered to collectors. The complete set of mintings by the 24 nations will be completed in four years. Subscriptions are accepted in advance for a period of one year (six issues). As a subscriber you will be protected against price increases during the year. After that, you may subscribe for the second, third or fourth year as you wish.

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Depicts the Orang-Utan

38.61mm diameter silver proof
Weight: 28.28 grams
Edge Thickness: 2.75mm
Fineness: 92.5% of pure silver
Silver Content: 403.6 grains
Face Value: 2,000 Rupiah
Depicts the Javan Tiger

34mm diameter gold proof
Weight: 33.437 grams
Edge Thickness: 2.49mm
Fineness: 90% of pure gold
Gold Content: 464.41 grains
Face Value: 100,000 Rupiah
Depicts the Komodo Dragon

While one side of each coin of a country will have a different reverse design representing an endangered species, the other side of all coins will show the traditional design struck on coins of that country.

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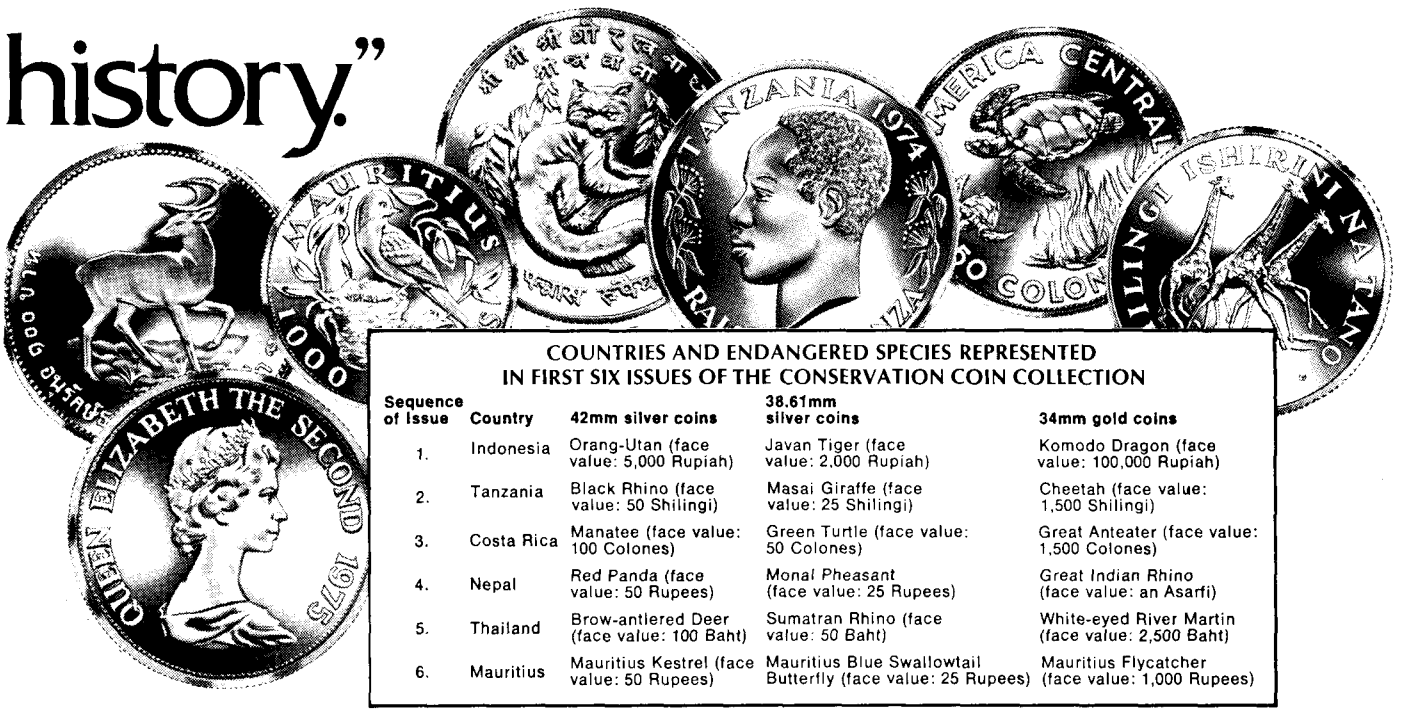

COUNTRIES AND ENDANGERED SPECIES REPRESENTED IN FIRST SIX ISSUES OF THE CONSERVATION COIN COLLECTION

Sequence of Issue	Country	42mm silver coins	38.61mm silver coins	34mm gold coins
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2.	Tanzania	Black Rhino (face value: 50 Shilingi)	Masai Giraffe (face value: 25 Shilingi)	Cheetah (face value: 1,500 Shilingi)
3.	Costa Rica	Manatee (face value: 100 Colones)	Green Turtle (face value: 50 Colones)	Great Anteater (face value: 1,500 Colones)
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5.	Thailand	Brow-antlered Deer (face value: 100 Baht)	Sumatran Rhino (face value: 50 Baht)	White-eyed River Martin (face value: 2,500 Baht)
6.	Mauritius	Mauritius Kestrel (face value: 50 Rupees)	Mauritius Blue Swallowtail Butterfly (face value: 25 Rupees)	Mauritius Flycatcher (face value: 1,000 Rupees)

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World Progress Report

Penny Wise

While nervous big-time investors are sitting on gold bars in the manner of mother birds on their eggs, many more modestly endowed speculators are saving their pennies. Not for thrift, but in anticipation of rising values as the price of copper soars in response to increasing scarcity. Likewise, the large, easily recycled deposits of copper in such items as gutters and drainpipes and automobile radiators are eagerly purchased by scrap dealers—and just as eagerly ripped off by hustling rustlers. Meanwhile, however, an estimated 285,000 tons of scrap copper wire are being lost each year because they are tucked into the inaccessible innards of electrical appliances, automobiles, buildings. Reclamation is tedious and expensive, and the old method of open-air burning to remove the wire's insulation and sheathing is now forbidden by anti-pollution laws.

A Connecticut firm has developed a special furnace designed to burn off these impurities without releasing pollutants into the air, reducing the wire to marketable scrap copper at a cost of about a penny and a half per pound. The manufacturer, Progressive Equipment Company of Glastonbury, claims that the new furnace can pay for itself in less than two years.

Sanguine Invention

For millions of diabetics, survival depends on regular doses of the hormone insulin to restore the natural ability of their systems to handle blood sugar. Without a means of constantly monitoring the diabetic's condition and providing insulin accordingly, however, the prescribed dosage can only be approximately correct.

Recently, however, a team of doctors from the university clinic in Ulm, Germany, and engineers from Miles Laboratories in the United States have combined two pieces of existing technology to make an artificial pancreas, the organ that secretes and regulates insulin in healthy bodies. A device called an auto-analyzer, which constantly measures the level of sugar in the diabetic's blood, is linked with a computer that automatically determines when and how much insulin is needed.

Because the artificial pancreas can recognize and deal with fluctuations in the patient's normal condition, it may be especially useful in situations where routine functioning has been disrupted: during surgery or childbirth, for instance, or in the treatment of diabetes-induced coma.

The artificial pancreas has already undergone successful testing, and its inventors expect it to be ready for hospital use in a year or two. Future miniaturization may reduce the complex device to pocket-size, making it available as a constant companion for diabetics in less extreme circumstances.

In the Beginning Is the End

Congress may be short on new initiatives, as the chronic complaint goes, but evidently its knee-jerk reflexes are still good, especially where defense spending is involved. Here is the latest case in point.

The recent SALT talks, in the process of reducing international tensions by lowering the level of overkill, obviated the need for a certain complex, expensive missile-defense installation already under construction in Grand Forks, N. Dak. Accordingly, the Pentagon made plans to shut down its new facility in 1975.

By oversight or design, however, the funds earmarked for completing construction of the now-obsolete new facility were never stricken from the Defense Department's long shopping list; so the Grand Forks item was still in the budget request that was before the Congress last August.

Because the Pentagon's plans to abandon the project as soon as it was finished were stamped "secret," they could not be mentioned during the House debate on the budget item. Although members were offered private access to the evidence, few took advantage of the opportunity to enlighten themselves. Some who were aware of the Pentagon's change in plans were still unswerving in their support of the funding request, evidently believing that the $5 billion already spent on the project justified the spending of a mere $135 million more.

The funds were voted, 219 to 182. Construction proceeds in Grand Forks; and if all goes well, the new missile-defense facility will be finished on schedule next year, just in time for it to close down.

ANTHONY WOLFF

"Go up, young man."

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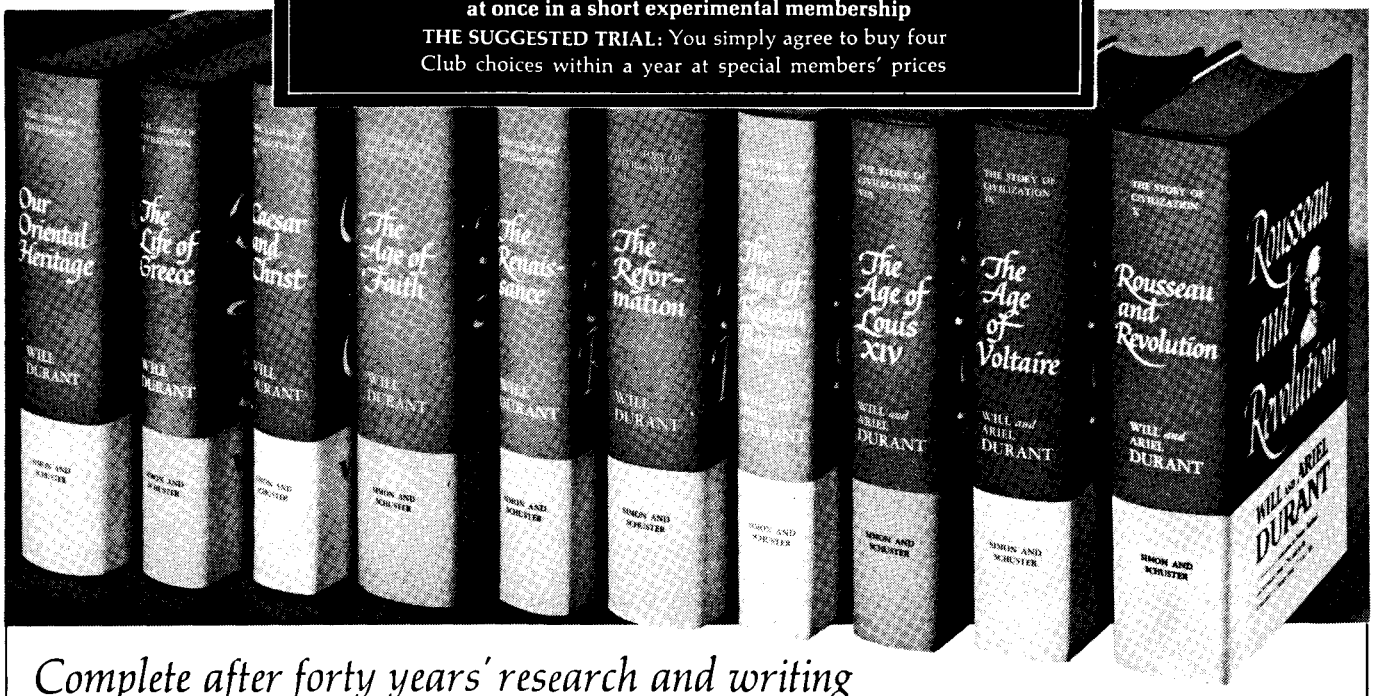

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Arnold Bennett by Margaret Drabble (Knopf). No old wives' tale this absorbing life study of one of England's supreme storytellers.

Life Is Elsewhere by Milan Kundera (Knopf). Brilliant fictional insights into the neurotic impulses of a Czech-Marxist mama's boy.

All the President's Men by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward (Simon & Schuster). A front-page look at two young city-room reporters at work road-paving the way to the unmaking of a President.

Kissinger by Marvin Kalb and Bernard Kalb (Little, Brown). A well-focused off-camera look at America's uncommon celebrity-statesman.

Eisenhower: Portrait of the Hero by Peter Lyon (Little, Brown). If you liked Ike, you'll love this evocative recall of the genial general.

Ross and Tom by John Leggett (Simon & Schuster). An adroit attempt to solve the mystery of why two young writers chose suicide just as they'd achieved success.

Look at the Harlequins! by Vladimir Nabokov (McGraw-Hill). In this thinly disguised fictional autobiography of a Russian writer, Nabokov pulls out all his semantic stops.

Speak for Yourself, John: The Life of John Mason Brown by George Stevens (Viking). Every day was opening night for this life-loving critic and *SRL* columnist.

An Inquiry Into the Human Prospect by Robert L. Heilbroner (Norton). A bleak assessment of the future of the affluent nations when they will be threatened with Third World nuclear "wars of redistribution."

FILMS

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz. Canadian-made from Mordecai Richler's novel about a young Jewish Montreal entrepreneur. The film's richness lies in its colorful characterizations.

California Split. Director Robert Altman in rare and winning form as he explores the gambling milieu. In top form, too, are his stars, Elliott Gould and George Segal. Not to be missed.

A Free Woman. The dilemma of a Munich divorcée, studied with honesty and compassion by a fine director, Volker Schlondorf.

Chinatown. Jack Nicholson, as a private eye in the Thirties, uncovers more than he bargains for as he investigates scandal, corruption, and murder. A brilliantly made thriller.

Harry and Tonto. The cross-country saga of an elderly man and his cat. Sounds unpromising? Well, it's filled with surprises, wry humor, oddball people. Art Carney is fine as the old fellow, and the direction by Paul Mazursky has sincerity and feeling.

The Conversation. The electronic surveiller is surveilled—or turnabout is foul play. Golden Palm winner at Cannes.

The Parallax View. A paranoiac thriller about a corporation that deals in high-level assassination projects. Warren Beatty gets on its track, with baleful results.

That's Entertainment! A marvelous compilation of best moments from the old M.G.M. musicals. All-star, all singing, all dancing, and just great.

Scenes From a Marriage. Ingmar Bergman's lengthy, probing inquiry into a modern Swedish marriage, superbly performed by Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson.

THEATER

A Moon for the Misbegotten (Morosco Theater, N.Y.C.). Colleen Dewhurst is perfect and Jason Robards haunted in this beautiful and compassionate love story written by Eugene O'Neill about his hard-drinking brother.

A Little Night Music (San Francisco & on tour). A sophisticated and gently humorous musical adaptation of Ingmar Bergman's film *Smiles of a Summer Night*.

Moonchildren (Theatre de Lys, N.Y.C.). Michael Weller's play about a group of college kids living together but really very far apart is entertaining and touching.

Candide (Broadway Theater, N.Y.C.). An inventive reweave of the 1956 musical tapestry based on Voltaire's classic.

Scapino (Ambassador Theater, N.Y.C.). The Young Vic's sprightly new version of a Molière classic, with the engaging Jim Dale.

Grease (Royale Theater, N.Y.C., & on tour). Lively musical re-creation of the 1950s—bobbysox, ponytails, and all.

Gypsy (Winter Garden Theater, N.Y.C.). Angela Lansbury in a sparkling revival of the musical biography of the famous ecdysiast's mother.

The National Health (Circle-in-the-Square–Joseph E. Levine Theater, N.Y.C.). Peter Nichols, who wrote *Joe Egg*, finds hilarity in a London Hospital.

The River Niger (Baltimore & on tour). Last season's Tony Award play about a frustrated poet-warrior in search of a battlefield.

DANCE

Slask. (City Center 55th Street Theater, N.Y.C., October 1–6). A major folk-dance troupe from Poland.

City Center Joffrey Ballet (City Center 55th Street Theater, N.Y.C., October 9–November 3). This season: new works, new productions, and major revivals, among them, Gerald Arpino's *Relativity of Icarus*

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(new); Jonathan Watts's *Evening Dialogues* (new); Leonide Massine's *Pulcinella,* a new production but with the Picasso decor; and Robert Joffrey's *Pas des Déesses,* Arpino's *Clowns,* and the August Bournonville classic *William Tell Variations* (revivals).

RECORDINGS

Albéniz: Iberia (London). Alicia de Larrocha's well-known ability to take the percussive out of the piano is especially helpful in giving to the "Cantos de España" the guitar sound they need. The new recording of "Iberia" is, on all counts, better than its predecessor.

Charles Ives: The 100th Anniversary (Columbia). This is a package to rank with Columbia's "I Can Hear It Now" and J.F.K. survey in bringing together not only a broad perspective of Ives's known music but also 25 songs (sung by Helen Boatwright with John Kirkpatrick, pianist), a side of hitherto unknown piano "takes" that Ives made on a visit to England in the Thirties, and verbal reminiscences of such acquaintances as Elliott Carter, Nicolas Slonimsky, Jerome Moross, and Goddard Lieberson.

Oboe Concerto (in D), Horn Concerto No. 2 (Strauss, DG). Two late-in-life beauties from the aging composer's capacious mind provide the Berlin Philharmonic's splendid soloists (oboist Lothar Koch, hornist Norbert Hauptmann) with the means to demonstrate virtuosity and musicianship. The orchestra is conducted by Herbert von Karajan.

Giuseppe di Stefano Sings Romantic Italian Songs (Everest). If you crave "Io Che Amo Solo Te," "Non Dimenticar," and 10 similar Italian *canzonetti* performed as Giuseppe di Stefano might sing them, crave no more. Here is a reminder of the superb voice in its early prime, performing the kind of music the singer knows best.

Hell (Polydor). To believe what James Brown says, hell is not in the hereafter, but right now. He seems to be finding something bearable about it, however, in "When the Saints Go Marching In," "These Foolish Things Remind Me of You," and the 13-minute "Papa Don't Take No Mess" on side four. "Hell" is heaven with J. Brown.

The Revolution Will Not Be Televised (Flying Dutchman). Gil Scott-Heron is a hard-hitting social critic with a powerful voice and a high sense of purpose who makes his points ("Sex Education: Ghetto Style," "Home Is Where the Hatred Is," "Whitey on the Moon") in his own well-written material. The instrumentalists include Hubert Laws, Brian Jackson, Ron Carter, Eddie Knowles.

It Is Finished (RCA). "I Want a Little Sugar" is variation No. XIX on a theme purveyed by blues singers for decades. This is Nina Simone's version from a live performance with Avram Schackman on guitar and Nadi Qamar on Madagascar harp. *Very* live, as are all the contents of the disk. □

Portugal After the Honeymoon

by Roland Gelatt

Évora, Portugal

He had been on the job for only 10 days when I met him last month, but already the new mayor of Évora—Manuel Tierno Bagulho—was acting the part of a seasoned politician. He is a jowly, beetle-browed man with the exquisite Latin gift of turning the most ordinary communication into a vivid facial drama, and as he made his way through the narrow, tessellated streets of the ancient town, the mayor had a word of greeting and an outstretched hand for everyone he met. In his air-conditioned office at the old town hall, the door was open to any supplicant. We were interrupted twice one afternoon by unexpected callers. One was a tight-lipped, diffident man in his early 30s who had just lost his job at a local hardware store; the other was a toothless elder, tottering in with the support of a furled umbrella, who needed money to pay the doctor. Both headed instinctively for a bench at the far end of the office, years of practice having counseled a low profile in the purlieus of power. The mayor had literally to force them into an armchair next to his. He listened attentively and took note of their names. If nothing else, Portugal's revolution of April 25 has begun to open lines of communication between government and governed.

Mayor Bagulho is representative of the new Portuguese ruling elite: an idealist and egalitarian, politically leftist, a trifle naive. Architect by profession, Catholic by conviction (the father of 10), member of a well-placed family, he hardly fits the stereotype of a revolutionary. Yet as Évora's anti-government candidate in the fraudulent "elections" of 1969, Bagulho marked himself off as the proponent of seditious liberal beliefs, altogether a dangerous man to have around town. The campaign lost him friends as well as a teaching post at the local high school, and eventually he decided to pull up stakes and move to Lisbon. When Évora's old Salazarist mayor withdrew from the scene after the *coup d'état* last spring, Bagulho was persuaded to return and take over. Some time in 1975 there will be municipal elections. Meanwhile, a provisional administration runs the town.

Its ideological complexion remains ill defined. Political activity in Évora, as in much of the Portuguese hinterland, is dominated, not by a single party, but by a loose aggregation known as the Portuguese Democratic Movement (MDP), an action group of left-wingers who disclaim overt Communist or Socialist affiliation. Mayor Bagulho is a keen MDP man. "For myself," he says, "I have no trust in political parties with dogmas. The dogmas come from beyond our borders. My ideal is for a party totally responsive to Portuguese problems." The mayor denies that the MDP is mere window dressing for the Portuguese Communist party, and at the moment he is probably right, but many people fear that "the Movement" will fall easy prey to Communist manipulations. Certainly, the simplistic homilies of Pereira da Moura, one of MDP's chief leaders, do not inspire confidence. Da Moura recently defined a fascist as anyone in an official position, even a teacher or a doctor, who keeps a worker waiting more than 30 minutes.

Évora, a town of 35,000 some 90 miles southeast of Lisbon, lies smack in the midst of the Alentejo. This is flat, dry country, sectioned off into immense private estates on which hired hands do the work. Manuel Cota Dias is a relative piker in the Alentejo land-owning hierarchy. His farm has a mere 150 acres and employs only five men. Dias drives to the property from his home in Évora every day—a dusty, bumpy journey over rutted dirt roads and across a Roman bridge, which still retains its original paving stones. En route to the Dias farm, one passes two or three tiny villages of low, white houses trimmed in brilliant blue; but this is neither a populous nor a verdant countryside, and for the most part, the view is of limitless fields of cork, olive, and nut trees baking under a relentless sun. The men in the fields or on the roads are mostly old. Rural Portugal is geriatric land, most of the young men having been siphoned off either by the army or by the lure of higher wages abroad. Although accurate statistics are

(Continued on page 57.)

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Saturday Review
World

A Psychiatric Study of Professional Football

A former NFL "psychiatrist-in-residence" reports on player behavior and addresses the question: Can psychoanalysis provide the winning edge?

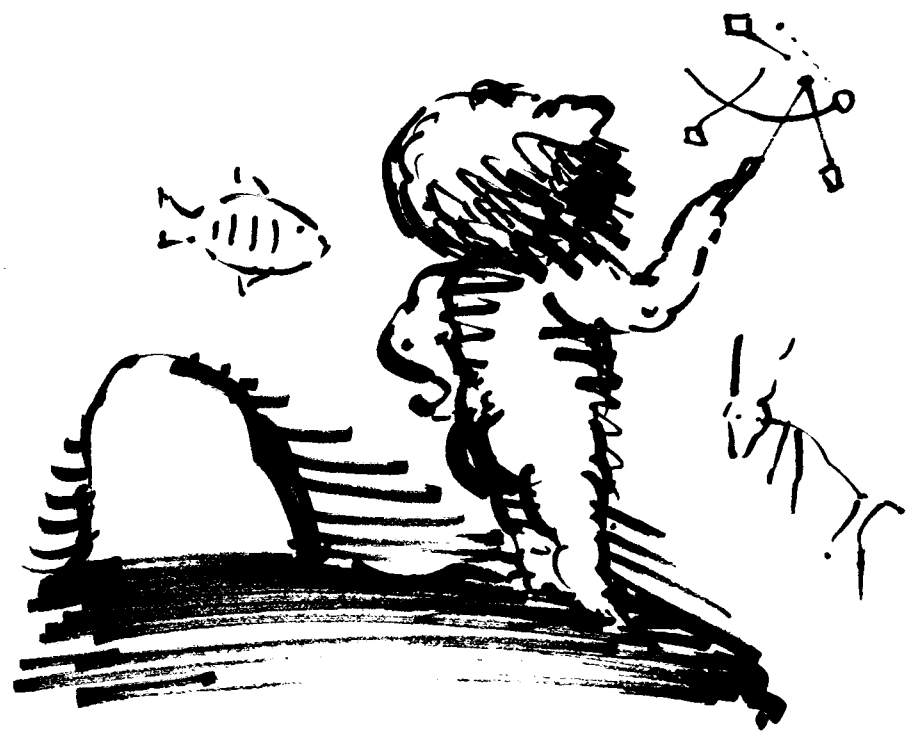
by Arnold J. Mandell, M.D.

Two years ago Harland Svare, then head coach of the San Diego Chargers, asked me to lunch to talk about football. I was then, as I am now, chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of California, San Diego. I had never paid much attention to football. During my five years of basic medical training, when we lived in the shadow of New Orleans's Sugar Bowl, I didn't attend a single game. I had been in San Diego as many years, and I still wasn't paying attention to football. The Chargers were a losing team, and Coach Svare, an imaginative man, wondered if my training might equip me to notice things about the attitudes and the behavior of his players that could help give the team what is often called "the winning edge."

Our lunch lasted three hours, and the result was that the Chargers retained me as a sort of psychiatrist-in-residence—the first, I believe, for a National Football League team. At Svare's invitation I began to hang around the team. I joined the members of the Charger squad in the locker room, at team lectures, at practice, on the plane to and from away games, and on the sidelines during the games. In all, I conducted over 200 hours of individual interviews with them. My function was to provide the coaches with a clearer understanding of the players and their positions and, more practically, to make actual personnel comments and recommendations.

When I first sat on the bench, I realized I was hearing the sounds of a Stone Age battleground. You can't pick them up on television or from a seat in the stadium. But on the bench you hear grunts, groans, hits—mankind's most fundamental sounds. I quickly learned what many Sunday widows already realized—that football is not a game but a religion, a metaphysical island of fundamental truth in a highly verbal, disguised society, a throwback of 30,000 generations of anthropological time.

When I was first around the team, the players thought I was spooky because I just stood there and watched. It was to take me more than a year to break down barriers and build trust between the players and me. But after only a few weeks, I rushed to Coach Svare with my first systematic insight. "Harland," I said, "I think I can tell whether a player is on offense or defense just by looking at his locker. The offensive players keep their lockers clean and orderly, but the lockers of the defensive men are a mess. In fact, the better the defensive player, the bigger the mess."



Illustrations by Ken Rinciari

"Not a game, but a throwback of 30,000 generations of anthropological time."

As I PORED over scouting reports and interviewed players and coaches from numerous NFL teams, it became clear that offensive football players like structure and discipline. They want to maintain the status quo. They tend to be conservative as people, and as football players they take comfort in repetitious practice of well-planned and well-executed plays. The defensive players, just as clearly, can't stand structure; their attitudes, their behavior, and their lifestyles bear this out. They operate as though they've been put out of the tribe and are trying to show people that tribal structure is worthless anyway. Ostracism does not bother them; it serves as a source of fuel for their destructive energies. Rules or regulations put forward by anybody, anyplace, are to be challenged. Coaches find defensive players notably more difficult to control than their offensive teammates.

Offensive and defensive football players, I noticed, often had little or nothing to do with one another. There was one exception on the Chargers. Walt Sweeney, an all-pro offensive guard, had

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the personality of a defensive player, and his friends were all on the defensive team. (In fact, Sweeney wasn't that much of an exception. The Chargers drafted him to be a linebacker, and that was the position he himself preferred.)

When I mentioned my new "rule," Svare, a former linebacker, responded, "Sure, I never put it in words, but I'm basically a defensive player, and I find myself liking defensive players more than offensive players as people. I have very little patience with the rituals and repetition involved in the offense. We just don't look at the world the same way."

So I found that, despite the nomenclature, the offensive squad is made up of defenders of structure and the defensive squad is garrisoned with attack troops. I began to differentiate the personality profiles of these men independently of any prior knowledge about the specific requirements of their individual positions. Before long a personality classification in relation to position began to emerge. The consistency of the patterns seems explainable on the basis of the selection that occurs before any professional football player gains a regular starting position in the NFL.

"Offensive linemen in general are ambitious, tenacious, precise, attentive to detail."

EVERY YEAR several thousand college football players are eligible; not more than 600 are seriously considered, and of those, 50 to 100 make it to the NFL. The selection goes on year after year. A player maintains his position by winning individual battles week after week on the field, where his performance is witnessed, filmed, and "graded." The crop of players is weeded systematically. The athletic difference between those who remain and those who are dropped is amazingly small. When it comes to making it in the NFL, practically every owner or coach with whom I've talked says, reverently and resignedly, "The game is in the mind." In addition to athletic ability, motivation, and commitment, the player needs a personality that meets the requirements of his position. This Darwinian process leaves each participant as an island of psychobiological organization in a circumstance that tests physical, psychological, intellectual, and spiritual strength—man-on-man—and in which psychological pressure from peers is even more potent a motivation than the challenge from the enemy. A suitable personality becomes the most significant and necessary component of survival. Making a proper match between player and position, then, is necessary for personal happiness, because players working in the wrong position are uneasy and attempt to correct for their uneasiness. Or, as aggressive and territorial individuals are very prone to do, they become depressed, turning their aggression inward. Like the rest of us, they become demoralized and lose effectiveness when they aren't in the right place to function at their best.

It is important to realize that professional football players are, to mint a term, "homoclites." That is, they are extremely normal people—stable and anxiety-free, accustomed to handling pressures and performing extraordinarily and quickly. Many of them are also paranoid, but my use of that term—and of others from psychology—does not imply pathology; it implies a personality trait within normal limits.

The men who fill particular positions on the offensive team can be described by clusters of personality traits. The offensive linemen in general (centers, guards, tackles, and, to an extent, tight ends) are ambitious, tenacious, precise, attentive to detail. They manifest a kind of toughness that I would call stubborn rather than explosive. They work hard. Their traits clearly suit them for their work. As blocking assignments become ever more intricate, the linemen must practice like a ballet corps to coordinate perfectly the necessary spatial and temporal movements of blocking patterns. They also have to stand firm and cool when an opposing defensive line rushes their passer, no matter what verbal or physical abuse is thrown at them; they must care only about protecting their quarterback, not about proving their masculinity in an explosive way. A sacrificial attitude toward the welfare of the team is integral to the offensive linemen.

WITHIN THE offensive line itself, the typical personalities of centers, guards, tackles, and tight ends are readily distinguishable. The center, who often has to call signals, is usually the brightest. His loquaciousness in relation to other members of the line reflects his leadership. The guard may be bright, and he is

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quicker than the center. He may also be more aggressive—in the violent, rather than the stubborn, sense—because on sweeps he may be called upon to block downfield. His assertiveness is more persistent; the center's is more volatile. The tackle is slower, more patient, and even more persistent than the guard. He is not called on to be as mobile as the guard, and he doesn't have to get the middle linebacker with an explosive block, as the center does. He maintains and sustains. Stubborn tenacity is prototypical of the offensive tackle; his loyalty and commitment to the welfare of the team know no match.

The wide receiver is a very special human being. He shares many features with actors and movie stars. He is narcissistic and vain, and basically a loner.

Whereas the offensive linemen may hang around together (the center is particularly gregarious), the wide receiver often lives alone, dates alone, and remains a bit of a mystery. He is tactful in interpersonal encounters but elusive and hard to locate as a person. Like the track star, the good wide receiver is disciplined because the precision required to run intricate pass patterns and hold onto passes while he is getting clobbered requires discipline. Yet the courage of the wide receiver is more brittle than that of the other offensive linemen. His elusiveness may move beyond unpredictability to treachery. Typically, the wide receiver doesn't mind getting hurt on the body, but he doesn't like his face to be touched—he's afraid of disfigurement. Essential, brilliant, vain, and not too friendly, he's rarely a popular member of the team. Disaffinity may be particularly acute between wide receivers and linebackers.

I have found two kinds of running backs. One is like the wide receiver: tough, treacherous, quick, lonely, and perhaps even paranoid, like the much-traveled Duane Thomas, perhaps the most gifted runner of all time. That paranoia is adaptive for a man whom everybody on defense is out to get. His particular unpredictability makes him even more difficult than a wide receiver to locate as a person. He's never where you expect him to be. In his days with the Chargers, Thomas was as difficult to locate off the field as on; if you made a date with him, he was likely not to be there. He is a good example of how a really great football player's personality is welded to his job.

The other kind of offensive back—the Larry Csonka kind—runs straight ahead. He's honest, tough, strong, disciplined, and if his toughness is a touch brutal, he may be great. He's not as quick, and he might not be as treacherous or paranoid, as the flanking back. He will work long and hard; he has some offensive tackle in him.

Back to the line, to the tight end. It's difficult to find an ideal tight end because the chores he is required to do are virtually incompatible and therefore demand incompatible personality traits. The tight end must block like an offensive lineman or a fullback yet catch passes like a wide receiver. Blocking well requires bodily sacrifice for the welfare of others and does not gratify vanity; so the tight end can't have *too* much wide receiver in him. He does well to replace that with a bit of the distrust found in the Duane Thomas–type running back.

THE MOST DIFFICULT of the offensive players to categorize are the quarterbacks. I have studied the scouting reports of a number of quarterbacks and talked about them with scouts, teammates, reporters, owners, and coaches. Given the physical ability, passing talent, and intelligence, the major determinant of success as a quarterback appears to be self-confidence—a self-confidence that is more akin to super-arrogance. The physical threat to a quarterback passing from the "pocket" is intolerable. To stand there to the last millisecond, waiting for your receiver to reach the place the ball is supposed to go while you are being rushed by mammoth defensive linemen—that takes sheer courage. A single mistake might negate all the efforts and sacrifices of your teammates—as well as lay you open to a fearful pounding.

To stand that kind of responsibility requires poise beyond that possessed by most men. How is the poise of the successful type of quarterback achieved? From my observations, there appear to be at least two routes. One is that of the naturally arrogant man who does not feel bound by the rules governing other men. He makes his own. He exploits the environment in a tough, tricky way and with very little compunction. Such men have run their talents and capacities to incredible self-advantage with no apparent anxiety or guilt. And they win football games—yea, even championships. The Joe Namaths and the Sonny Jurgensens fit well into this category.

The other way to turn in that kind of performance under those battle conditions is with assurance from On High.

Superstars disemboweled in fu

The Cowboys' Roger Staubach and the peerless John Unitas, who has finished his outstanding career, are in this group. So is Fran Tarkenton, the Vikings' renowned scrambler. We might call them and their comrades the religious quarterbacks. They attend church regularly, are active in such organizations as the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, and have a truly evangelical mission that they carry forward with the calm certitude of the believer, the chosen one. (In my two seasons with the Chargers, I got a chance to see Unitas up close and was struck by his religious commitment, as well as by his humility. These qualities helped insulate him from what was obviously a particularly stressful situation: the struggle of a player of his stature and past achievements to remain a first-stringer.)

The believer-quarterbacks win championships, too. But any quarterback who leads with kindness and concern for

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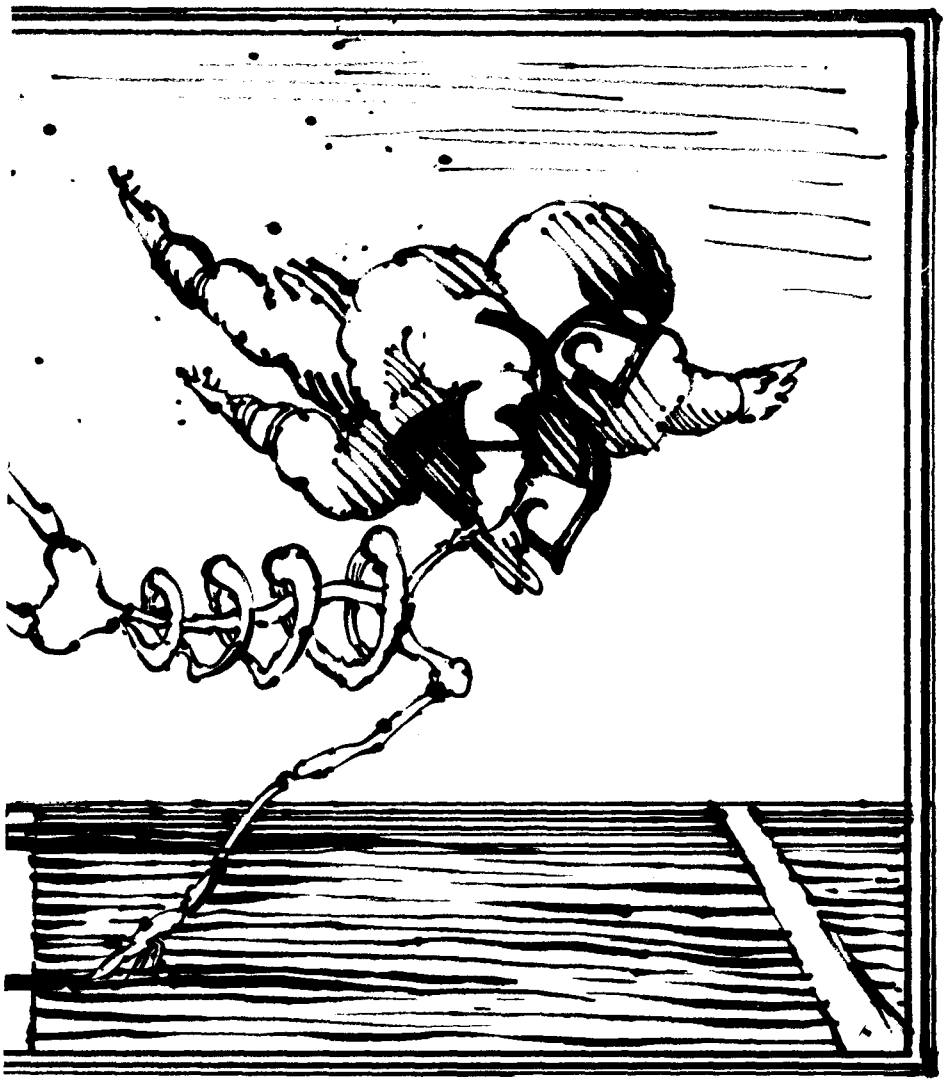

iew of 50 million people. Even the Roman Colosseum would have trembled.

others, who feels anxious about his responsibility to the 47 other men on the team and guilty over the outcome of his own actions, may collapse at critical moments—at the climax of a game or as his team moves closer to the playoffs. Students of the game point to John Hadl, the Rams' all-pro quarterback, whose pass-completion percentages dropped off drastically in the critical final games of last season.

THE INCREASING USE of computers to analyze the plays called by individual quarterbacks in various situations may change the personality requirements of successful quarterbacking. Except for audible signals (which can be employed in a significant percentage of the plays), computer-versus-computer may eventually lead to all plays being called from the bench. The defensive team may be able to guess what the opposing quarterback is going to do before he himself knows it—by a computer calculation of what he has done 77 percent of the time on "third and long" early in the fourth quarter when his team is behind by seven points.

Will this usurpation change the need for super-arrogance in quarterbacks? Maybe the super-arrogant will not obey readily. Many disciplined college quarterbacks who obeyed readily have not been able to make it in pro football; their opportunities may increase when plays are called from the bench.

The defensive team members are the renegades. They attack structure, and they feel that little is to be gained by identification with the establishment. They are basically angry and rebellious, primed to explode. The degree of inhibition controlling the trigger varies with the distance from the line of scrimmage. The defensive linemen, in contrast to offensive linemen, are restless, peevish, irritable, impatient, intolerant of detail, and barely under control. Usually, it is the defensive players (especially the linemen) who have committed the impulsive, flamboyant acts that make newspaper headlines. The defensive linemen have the least-well-organized inhibitory systems. They are wild and free of conflict on the attack. The tackles may be reserved in some ways, but they, too, relish the hostilities. I remember one defensive tackle, a wonderful human being with his wife and family and friends, telling me gleefully in the heat of a game, "Look at that [a rookie quarterback entering the game for the opposing team]. It's like letting me into a candy store!"

Defensive ends have even more spleen, and they are quicker. They display swagger and showmanship. Defensive end Deacon Jones, the former Ram superstar now with the Chargers, demonstrated at least the spleen at last year's training camp. He parked his car in the same no-parking zone for 40 consecutive days, even though he got a ticket—and paid the fine—each day. The defensive lineman takes great joy in his unbridled assault on organization. Guilt or depression are not normally in his repertoire, although sometimes, as during the Monday blues, one can see vague hints. His temper, brutality, bluntness, and sarcastic sense of humor predict his success.

Linebackers experience more conflict about the aggression they manifest and by the same token achieve more precision of time and place in their attack. The linebacker in particular struggles with this balance of aggression and inhibition. Often he achieves a public image as a solid citizen; yet simultaneously he's a killer. When I asked a number of NFL scouts whom they would send behind the lines in wartime to assassinate an important enemy, they said a linebacker: his cleverness and air of legitimacy would get him into the country and let him pass as a good citizen, and his brutality would let him kill when the time came. The linebacker pays heavily for his control. Keeping so much hostility on short rein occasionally forces the aggression inward, and the linebacker typically has periods of depression. He needs a seventh sense and special visual capacities to diagnose plays and to go where he is needed. The defensive linemen either stay or charge, but the linebackers may need to stay, charge, or go back.

In linebackers I found two kinds of intelligence. Some have the capacity to

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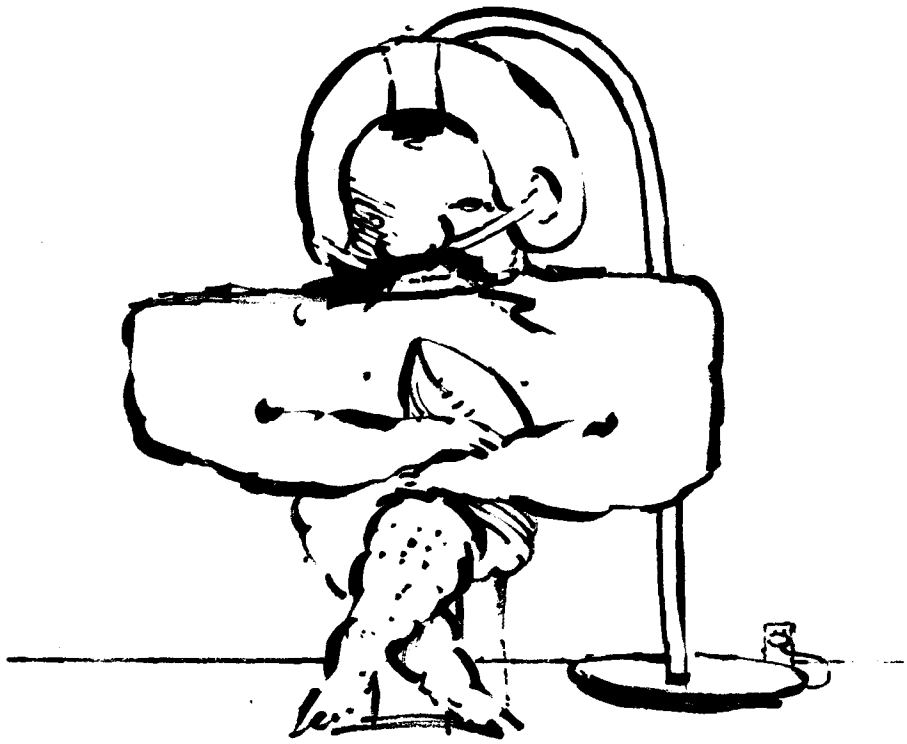
memorize a sequence of rules of behavior for themselves. Following certain keys—movements by opposing centers, guards, or fullbacks—they behave according to that set of rules. Other linebackers achieve the same effectiveness without knowing the rules very well. They actually visualize the action of the entire field and have the capacity to follow the developing patterns of movement. These men often make brilliant plays; but, as in the case of all positions, if the opposing team knows their habits well, they can be badly fooled. The linebacker is a fascinating combination of control, brutality, and internal conflict. He does not lack vanity, but unlike the wide receiver, whose witnesses are his parents or the fans, the linebacker evaluates his own performance. He wants to look good to himself. When he fails, he can almost destroy himself in depression.

IN THE DEFENSIVE BACKFIELD the aggression gets buried under more and more inhibition and discipline. These men are like long-distance runners: they are loners, but they are nowhere near as hungry for glory as are the wide receivers. In place of the vanity and fantasies of the wide receivers, the defensive backs experience depression and rage. They have traits that can be found in offensive linemen, wide receivers, and linebackers. They are tenacious. They must learn zone and man-on-man pass-defense patterns that require incredible self-discipline in the furor of battle. They must not be led by their natural inclination, which is to follow receivers out of their zone before the quarterback releases the ball on a pass play. They must execute patterns precisely. To counter running plays, however, they must move up fast and, though lighter and weaker than the running backs they are trying to stop, hit very hard. So they need controlled and timed brutality and anger.

In my research team's recent study of more than 600 potential NFL draft choices, six men were found to be almost suicidally depressed; all of them were defensive backs. The depression of a corner back who has been "beaten" on a pass play may last for days, though the great ones shake it somehow. The depression resulting from the inhibition of so much aggression can put such men in constant danger of self-destruction.

Professional football, because there are objective criteria for performance, provides a model situation in which to observe an ultimate test of function. Given the same amount of athletic ability, why do some men fail and others succeed? Inevitably it is because the personality orientations of the latter better fit the tasks. No amount of coaching seems to alter these basic traits. Pragmatically, the NFL system quickly separates the misfits—even the athletically competent ones—from the team. My experiences with the men who play NFL football renewed my conviction that the psychobiological organization of personality, when it coincides with the appropriate role, is perhaps the most significant single determinant of personal success and happiness in life. De Gaulle was obviously a quarterback. Woody Allen is a defensive back. According to a recent profile in *The New Yorker*, Allen lives to "endlessly fend off guilt" with his continuous commitment to effort and performance. There is little or none of the vanity of the wide receiver in Woody Allen. Former President Nixon's stubbornly persistent and tenacious (not brilliant or explosive) management of his crises reminds me of the instincts of an offensive lineman. His attempts to be blunt, quick, and clever would have suited him to be an offensive guard.

My mother is an offensive lineman, a center-guard; my father, a classical wide receiver. My wife is a gifted center-guard. My medical school dean, John Moxely III, is a linebacker; my university chancellor, William McElroy, is a defensive personality, too, perhaps a linebacker. President Ford is a natural offensive lineman, which is in fact what he was at the University of Michigan. Truman Capote is a wide receiver. Kate Smith is a fullback, in more than size. Leonard Bernstein is a cross between a quarterback and a wide receiver.



"The wide receiver is narcissistic and vain and shares many features with actors."

I AM OFTEN ASKED what I accomplished for the Chargers. The answer has to be: very little. The team's dismal record over the past two years—6 victories in 28 games—indicates that. So does my own professional observation. When attack troops hit the beach of the enemy's territory, some may benefit from benedictory reassurance, others from biochemical madness, few if any from a reminder that their current fear is reminiscent of the "castration anxiety" of their early childhood. Psychiatry and pro football, I conclude, probably don't mix. Or if they do, the blend is best left to the brewmaster, the head coach. The shrinks should stay with the rest of the armchair experts—in front of their television sets. □

Dr. Mandell's research was supported by Friends of Psychiatric Research of San Diego, Inc.

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Pictorial Parade
Somerset Maugham—"He grew very rich . . . and it was his pleasure to entertain."

Visit to the Villa Mauresque

An aspiring young writer's notebook records a memorable afternoon spent with an amiable Somerset Maugham.

by Frederic Raphael

The French consign their literary lions to oblivion by suffocating them with veneration; the English, being more humane, prefer to tear theirs to pieces. It was often said of Somerset Maugham when he was alive that he was not a good writer; now that he is dead, it is no less frequently asserted that he was not a good man. If his friends have not been slow to cash in on their acquaintance, they have been at pains to establish their incorruptibility by failing to find a good word to say for him. "He that hath a satirical vein," wrote Sir Francis Bacon (perhaps with Sir Walter Raleigh in mind), "as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memories." Maugham's life was long, but others' memories have proved longer.

Beverley Nichols, who spends so much of his time in a glass house, cast the first stone. He exposed the story of Maugham's infatuation with Gerald Haxton, who was both the companion of his Eastern travels and the cause, beyond much question, of his divorce from his wife, Syrie. Nichols's gallant motive was that Maugham had cruelly traduced Syrie in the ill-judged, perhaps even senile, memoir *Looking Back*. Be that as it may, some who might have been touched by the prospect of a selfless Galahad galloping to put the record straight were less easy at the sight of him riding sidesaddle.

Mr. Robin Maugham was another witness for the prosecution. He has written so well, not to say so often, of his disillusionment with his uncle that one is reminded of a man trying, more ostentatiously than effectively, to escape from a shadow by scrubbing himself with pumice.

Noel Coward added his mite to the charges. Hugo Latymer, in *A Song at Twilight*, is plainly a portrait of Maugham. Coward joins forces with Nichols in making what is, perhaps, the most convincing accusation against Maugham, which is that, when a word from him might have made all the difference, he refused in any way to lend his name to the campaign for the repeal of the laws concerning homosexuality, laws that had ruined Wilde and intimidated a generation. Could it be that although Maugham found homosexuality an agreeable pursuit, he did not regard it as a moral or even a defensible cause? It will be remembered that André Gide chided Proust for his reluctance to nail his colors to the mast. Proust made no very satisfactory reply, but his work does it for him. The proselytizing novels of Gide himself are now more bizarre than seductive, and his candor is tainted, perhaps not by Proustian ambiguity, but by a sanctimonious braying, as if he were a centaur compounded of a bishop and a donkey. Proust was writing neither for homosexuals nor for homosexuality; he preferred the ethics of art to the aesthetics of propaganda. Perhaps it is ridiculous to speak of Maugham in the same breath as Proust, but both of them were rooted in a tradition of fiction that disdained *parti pris* and that expressed subjective sexual experience only in the guise of objective truth about the relations between men and women. Art concealed not only art but also the artist.

There is a very strange moment in *Of Human Bondage* when the hero actually hands money to his rival for the love of the androgynous Mildred so that the other man may have the opportunity to seduce her. This unlikely episode, like many implausibilities in fiction, is based on fact. One may speak of masochism or of voyeurism as an explanation, but some events, if clearly observed, are their own best explanation, just as symptoms accurately described become a diagnosis.

Maugham grew rich. He grew very rich, perhaps even, as Dr. Johnson said of a certain Dr. Campbell, "the richest author that ever grazed the common of literature," and it was his pleasure to entertain. He bought a beautiful property, magnificent paintings, and elegant (his brother, the Lord Chancellor, said "florid") furniture. He employed diligent servants and, we are told, the best cook in France. His visitors could be forgiven if they accused him of doing himself extremely well, but they were being less than perceptive; he was doing them, rather than himself. He worked and they played. To be sure, he did not sleep on a plank bed or wear a hair shirt, but they were wrong if they supposed that

Frederic Raphael is the author of several novels and screenplays and is a reviewer for the London Sunday Times.

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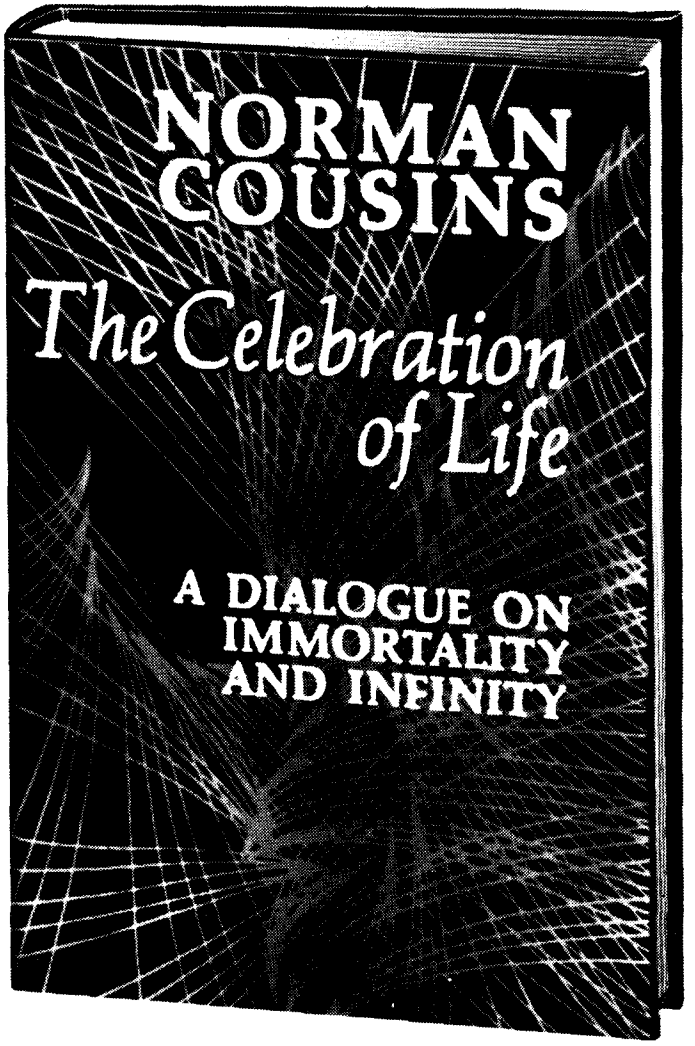
"There are great truths in this book, and nobody has fetched them out and put them in front as Norman Cousins has done."

-William Ernest Hocking



Here is a beautifully written book that speaks to the individual who rejects the prevailing mood of despair and helplessness but who wants something more than easy answers or homilies. Norman Cousins states the case for hope in our time—not by blinking at the causes of pessimism but by a deep understanding of human capacity and the way that capacity can be fully developed.

Cousins' search for answers takes the form of a provocative Socratic dialogue, a meditation that builds a philosophy of profound optimism on the firm base of human experience, and celebrates the unity, meaning and wonder of life in all its diversity.

This book has been in the making twenty years. William Ernest Hocking, one of the great names in American philosophy this past half-century, had this to say about it:

"Very few philosophers have waded in with such capacity to swim in the Conceptual Vacuum. Hegel tried it in his initial triad, Being—Non-being—Becoming. Bergson threw a bucket-full of scorn on the assumption that it is easier to understand why Nothing should be than why Anything-in-particular should be. And Sartre comes forward with *L'Etre et le Néant*, really a noble bit of analysis in the service of a ramshackle philosophy. But the proposition that Nothingness is impossible, and that there is an ultimate resistance, like a reverse Entropy, in the nature of things —that is fresh and radical thinking and definitely important as such.

"I shouldn't be surprised if this book would give a new jolt to philosophy in this country, and perhaps abroad as well; and poke it out of the semantic ruts in which it idles away the hours of man's most momentous perils and decisions."

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because he offered them a life of ease (a temporary life whose term he took care to define, thus playing the God in whom he despaired of believing), he was thereby purged of the anguish of loneliness and the fear of rejection. He created for himself, just as God did, a world whose inhabitants could prove to him, by their worship of a golden calf provided by courtesy of the management,

Pictorial Parade

". . . an objective reactionary."

that they were both greedy and, given half a chance, perfidious. Proust, no less than more hysterical witnesses of the milieu, testifies to the spiteful involutions of the homosexual world. The finger pointed at Maugham for his unwillingness to own up to his "nature" sometimes looks more like that of a vindictive informer than that of an unashamed crusader. To read accounts of life at the Villa Mauresque, one would imagine that everyone went there straight and was forcibly bent by a caustic and peremptory dictator. How they all suffered! What a favor they did him! How fortunate he was that they ever agreed to come again, and again!

For years Maugham insisted that a story should have "a beginning, a middle, and an end." It was not the most original of formulas, nor did it gain greatly in profundity by frequent iteration. He seemed to hold it in front of him like a shield, the spelled equivalent of that sign against the evil eye that he made his literary talisman. He told himself, as he told others, that he had arranged his life in similar style. He, too, had had a beginning and a middle and would eventually come to an end. Unfortunately, like the hero of his story "The Lotus Eater," he could not adhere to his own program. When the time came to go, he stayed. He died in 1965. Had he lived, he would have been 100 years old last January. Longevity had become an obsession with him. He knew how important it was, especially for an English writer, not merely to outwrite his contemporaries but also to outlive them. There can be, it is safe to say, no sounder proof of an English pudding, as Mr. Priestley demonstrates to this day. But if Maugham was prudent to last till he had been duly saluted, like Edward Driffield in *Cakes and Ale*, he had in the end outlived too much; as a very old man, he had only his grievances left, real or imagined. If the end had come with an abrupt and surprising suddenness, one might have said that nature had imitated art and that the wily Old Party had gone leaving us, characteristically, wanting more. By the time he died, no one wanted more, not even himself. The truth is that life is not like a story. That was the unwanted irony.

IT IS THE MODERN STYLE never to admit to innocence. When recently I confessed to a sophisticated lady that I had not, at the age of 23, the smallest notion that Maugham was homosexual, she looked at me with consummate pity. "We all knew," she said, "and we were in *Australia*."

I read *Of Human Bondage* when I was 16. I read it in one day. When I had finished, I knew that I should be a writer. I found in Maugham's Philip Carey a fellow spirit, though I had no clubfoot, for I too fancied myself cleverer and better than those who had set themselves to humiliate me. I found in Maugham the liberation that he could never provide for himself. When I hear him described as a selfish and miserly old man, I am bound to say that I don't give a damn. *Of Human Bondage* changed my life. Philip Carey's anguish rescued me from mine, for there it was, on the page, and if Maugham could do it, so could I: to be allowed to express my isolation was all the anesthetic I ever asked for. To have the awful complexities of sex simplified into so skittish a phrase as "popping into bed" was an added, and delicious, bonus.

Rereading *The Razor's Edge* recently was an embarrassment; I began to think that all my youthful admiration was an unworthy crush whose emptiness I would now be obliged to confess. Then I returned to the chapters in *Of Human Bondage* where Philip Carey is subjected to the education of a gentleman. Maugham never ceased to sneer at public-school types, whether in Malaya or in Pall Mall; he abominated their cruelty and their snobbery and their shallowness. At the same time, he feared and shunned the masses; if he hated the hypocrisy of the masters, he remembered the callousness of the boys. He chose to find goodness in simple people, especially the peasants at whom so many literary expatriates seemed to spend the whole of the *entre deux guerres* making eyes; and being of a philosophical turn of mind, he had assimilated something of G. E. Moore's sentimental principles and had persuaded himself to regard physical beauty, particularly in young men, as a certificate of virtue. He remained what I suppose some Marxists would call an objective reactionary. He liked the company of the rich, or so he liked to say and so the rich liked to believe. Yet when he traveled, he preferred to lose himself among the anonymous. If, on a desert island, he had to choose between the company of a public figure and a veterinary surgeon, he swore he would choose the latter. He liked the candor of the artless. He often said that he could face with equanimity the loss of all the luxury, provided he could retain a table and a chair, a pen and paper. There speaks the true writer.

When I had finished at Cambridge, my resolve to write had not weakened. I was full of envy for those of my contemporaries whose intelligences were now so finely tuned that they could look

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forward to a lifetime of mutual admiration, but I had to concede that I was not, and never would be, of their number. My literary spine had not undergone critical adjustment from the chiropractors of the English school, and I was left with my creative bent. Thanks to my college, I was given a handsome sum of money, bequeathed by a clergyman who had, like so many, "always wanted to write." His name was Harper Wood. I pouched it greedily and was soon spending it in ways of which he would almost certainly have disapproved. I went to Paris and then to the Riviera. It was October of '54. Odalisques, I must say, were in short supply. I sat in a cheap hotel bedroom by the railway line and began my first, not very good, book. I knew at once that it would be published. The exhilaration was so heady that I took my courage, as a good Maughamian, in both hands and wrote to him at the Villa Mauresque. I could boast neither mutual acquaintance nor personal achievement. He replied at once, remarking that although I had not dated my letter, he hoped that I was still on the Riviera; he nominated a day for me to come to tea.

How guileless I was—and a good job, too. For in my guilelessness and my innocence (never having been to Australia), I thought I was going to see a great man of letters and, rather like the hero of *The Voice of the Turtle*, that is exactly what I did see. The old man met my shyness with an amiable and uncondescending kindness. I cannot believe that I was alone in being so treated.

Alan Searle, the loyal companion of Maugham's old age, met me with the car in the little *place* of Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat, and we drove up to the Villa Mauresque. We waited in the drawing room for the Master. I can see him now, coming through the doors from the hall where hung the great gray Picasso, a small man, surprisingly brisk, in dark flannels, tweed sports jacket, and, I believe, a paisley scarf at his throat. "Here's Mr. Maugham," Alan Searle said, and he was already across the room and holding out his hand. I was reminded—no doubt because I knew of his medical past—of an eminent physician who has come to see how we are today. He cannot give you much time, but while you are there, you can be sure of his undivided attention.

"Now we'll see about getting you some tea. Or perhaps he'd prefer a drink?"

It was four-thirty. "Tea, thank you," I said.

A minute later, a white-jacketed man-

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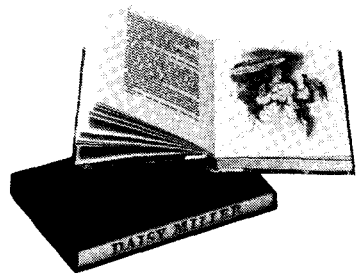

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"Maugham deplored suffering, and he despised bigotry. He admired bravery and loved beauty. He was pitiful, but he had pity."

servant brought tea and *petits fours* badged with cherry hearts. I took my tea with lemon, for some uneasy reason, and was flattered to discover that Maugham did the same.

I imagined at the time that a rather bad musical comedy for which I had provided the book was going to be put on in London. (It was, later, but not so that anyone noticed, luckily.) Maugham was good enough to seem impressed. It had taken him 10 years to get anything presented in London. He had seen *The Boy Friend*, a skit about the Twenties that was a great success at the time, when he was last in London. "I didn't enjoy the joke as much as I should," he said. "I couldn't share it, you see, because I stopped going to musical comedies in the Nineties of the last century."

I did not remark the notorious stammer, except very occasionally, and now see, from my description of the time (his *Writer's Notebook* made a commanding impression on me), that I described it as a lisp.

AFTER TEA, just as he was telling me that I should get a job, he started to light a cigarette. The match jumped from his fingers and fell into the crevice between the cushions of the sofa on which we were sitting. He was suddenly an old man, flapping at the buried ember, in a little panic of elderly nervousness. I felt a great pity and affection for him. Later he asked me how old I was. When I told him, he said: "You've got plenty of time, plenty of time." I fancy he would have swapped all his money for the ability to say, as casually as I did, "23." I wouldn't mind being able to say it again myself.

He advised me against going into the BBC (the BBC, in any event, showed no inclination to give me the option) because, he said, "there was a man, Carn or something of the sort his name was, who won the Maugham Travel Award some years ago. He went into the BBC and hasn't been heard of since."

He remarked that though the opportunities for getting a play put on were much improved, it was sad to see the decline of the market for short stories. As a result, few people wrote good ones anymore, though he much admired Angus Wilson. The previous evening, he said, he had been reading some stories by a man called Dahl. The first was excellent, and he hoped for great things, but they got worse as they went on. "By the end, I judged that only three out of a dozen were good. And that," he concluded, "is not enough."

I inquired about Frank Harris, whose reminiscences, purchased with the good clergyman's bursary, were filling my dreams with ladies who cried out, "Oh you naughty dear, you!" and asked for the same again.

"I knew him quite well," he said. "He was a wonderful talker; he told very amusing stories. But he was a shocking liar. And later in his life, he had the habit of inviting you to lunch, and after lunch, instead of coffee, he would ask you if you could lend him 50 pounds. I saw less of him then. Still, you could forgive him almost anything—and he could be very rude—because he was such a great conversationalist. He edited *The Saturday Review* [*] for a while, you know, but he used it to blackmail people, and they had to sack him."

"And was he a good writer?" I asked.

"He wrote some very good short stories," Maugham said. "Particularly one about a bullfight. In fact, so good were they that people doubted whether he had written them himself. He was an ugly little man, you know, and although he said he was a great lover, you found it hard to believe. Still," he added, "you never know."

I DARED TO MENTION that I was writing a story (in such company I was too diffident to call it a novel) set in Putney, a curious thing to do on the Riviera. "Not at all," he said. "Old Kipling, whom everyone despises so much these days, was quite right when he said, 'What know they of England who only England know?' It's only when you get away from a place that you can describe it. You recall the salient features and all the incidental details fall away." Here he did stammer, badly, his lower jaw locked in front of the upper. I cannot say that it worried him or us. When he had recovered, he changed the subject. He had called on Max Beerbohm when he was in Rapallo recently. "I was shocked at the change in him," he said. "He looked a very old man. Of course, he *is* a very old man. He must be 89, but he looks about 150." The remark was more sad than malicious. "Of course, we were all young together in those far-off days. Do people still read Max?"

I replied that I had read some of the essays and parodies, as well as the obvious *Zuleika*, but Maugham merely nodded, and I fancy that he was really wondering whether he himself still had any appeal for the generation that, in his mind, I represented.

I was impressed by the amount he had read. "I've had a long life in which to do my reading," he smiled. "But of course there are still gaps in it."

I found that difficult to believe.

"Oh yes," he said. "For instance, books in Danish, Swedish, and Portuguese must be rejected at once." Furthermore, his own studies—and at the age of 80, he did, Cato-like, use that expression—were interrupted by, on an average, five manuscripts a week on which he was asked to comment, not to mention 400 letters. They came mainly from young men and old ladies. "They frequently enclose photographs of themselves," he said, "but rarely any stamps." I found this an odd complaint in a room richly hung with Monet and Pissarro, Manet and Renoir.

We talked about bridge. I had spent too much time at Cambridge playing the game and so boasted a certain acquaintance with the experts. Maugham's appraisal of the characters at the top seemed to me pretty accurate. I recall that he particularly detested a certain famous international, whom he thought "very rude and unpleasant." Like many wits, Maugham made a moral distinction between being amusing and being rude. I doubt if he ever quite realized that those who have no gift for clever remarks find it difficult to distinguish aesthetically between a neat phrase and a wounding one. He said that he hated bridge clubs and was sure that he was not up to the standard of Crockford's, where I used to play. His remark seemed to me to establish that he was either a modest man or a modest player. In fact, when I did play bridge with him some years later, at a private table at Crockford's,

[*] No connection with the *Saturday Review* published in the United States. The English *Saturday Review* had an illustrious career in the first quarter of this century.

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I found that he was both. He was certainly up to Crockford's standard, but he was no expert. On the other hand, he was observant and he was pertinacious and he had stamina. He was then well over 80, but he played every rubber, and we were there till well past midnight. As a bridge player, no less than as an author, he believed in building up an *oeuvre*.

I intended to hitchhike from the Riviera into Spain. I see from my notes that Maugham laughed heartily when I told him that I wore my Old Carthusian tie on the road, to guarantee my respectability. I can scarcely believe that I did such a thing, but there it is; perhaps there is some wisdom, however deflating it may be, in keeping a notebook. We can all remember what flatters us, but it is sometimes cautionary to be reminded how ridiculous one can be. How easy it is to come to rely socially on the institutions one loathes! Poor Maugham went to the extreme of leaving his library and a substantial endowment to the King's School, where he had been so wretchedly unhappy.

"How will you get around in Spain?" Alan Searle asked me.

"He'll take the omnibus," Maugham said. "You'll find that the people in Spain are wonderfully polite and charming. Alan, we must give him some maps and that list of *paradors* to stay in. You know, when we were in Spain recently, we stayed at the most expensive places we could find. You see, I have some quite large royalties tied up there, and I wanted to spend them while I could. Well, at the end of our time there, I asked for the account. They refused to bring it. They said that they were so privileged to have us with them that they couldn't possibly accept any money."

BEFORE I WENT, he asked if I would like to see the pictures. I smiled, for we had been sitting in a room with enough pictures to be getting on with. He took me into a room where Picasso's *Dying Harlequin* hung beside two Matisses and the famous test picture with which he liked to tease visiting pundits. It was by a famous name, but it was such an early work as to be quite uncharacteristic. Who? I fancied that there was something in the modeling of the head—it was of a crouching man, in the sprint start position—which reminded me of . . . God, who was it? "It's a Toulouse-Lautrec," Maugham said. "Sir Kenneth Clark is the only man ever to have guessed." I looked again at the head. Of course! Never mind, I fancy he was gratified that Sir Kenneth's record remained intact. One can be too clever.

And so I left the Villa Mauresque. I do not flatter myself that his geniality to me was unique or, as the reader will gather, that our conversation was very remarkable. What makes it memorable, at least to me, is that he behaved as if we were two fellow writers; I cannot think of a nicer or more encouraging attitude to take to a young and unpublished nobody.

The gray-uniformed chauffeur drove me in the old Quai des Orfèvres Citröen down to the little *place* where I caught my bus. Alan Searle gave me the maps Maugham had mentioned and the address in Madrid of a man who could "open all the doors that could open and some that shouldn't." I do not think a young writer could have asked for more. Unfortunately, by the time I reached Madrid I had mislaid the address of the door man.

The grounds of the Villa Mauresque have been dismembered. The house is still there, but the gardens have been parceled into developers' lots. The south of France is now not a refuge, but a babel. The style of life that Maugham adopted is not one to which writers now confess to aspire, though I have not noticed that the majority of them are any less keen on cash. His style of writing seems equally out of fashion, but am I alone in sensing a return to clarity and directness? Iris Murdoch, who with Graham Greene is one of the most successful English novelists, appears at first sight to be rooted in the intellectual febrilities of Oxford, but I suspect what her readers enjoy is the civilized elegance of her dialogue, the knowing but uncensorious point of view, and the erotic ingenuity of her plots. Like Maugham, she believes in the sovereignty, if also in the elusiveness, of the good. Nor is she averse to a beginning, a middle, and an

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end. Mr. Greene travels no less assiduously than did Maugham (and now lives at Antibes, not many miles from Cap Ferrat); if his vision of salvation is more starry, he, too, combines artful simplicity with an ironic and worldly sophistication. Not a few of those in the mainstream of fiction still steer by the extinct light on the Cap. Angus Wilson and Brian Glanville, probably our best short-story writers, have acquired much of Maugham's wry detachment. To be sure, Henry James and D. H. Lawrence, Pound and Eliot, and others of the stars of the twentieth century were greater artists. It is always regarded with impatience in academe if one remarks on the murderous implications of their metaphysics. There is something rather tasteless, one is told, in taking metaphor for practice. I suppose that it is inevitable that the cultivated should sometimes speak in the accents of Pontius Pilate, but I think they would do well to refrain from washing their hands at the same time. How would Eliot and that *galère* have behaved and how far would Pound's vanity have been pulled down, had a Nazi victory licensed them to practice what they oh so metaphorically preached? Maugham may have shared some of the snobbishness of his class and the artificiality of his generation; his view of life was partial and often bleak, but he did at least have the decency not to propagate deathly doctrines of blood brotherhood or natty theories of "a Christian Reich." He was not at home in the highest literary company, one must confess, but he remains a not unworthy example of the writer who has learned to cut his coat according to his cloth, which is only a trite way of saying that whereof one cannot speak, thereof it is both wiser and less vicious to keep silent. Maugham's philosophy was mundane, but it was at least of this world. He deplored suffering, and he despised bigotry. He admired bravery and loved beauty. He was pitiful, but he had pity. Nor were his ideas of the good life all that silly, even if he could not himself live up to them. Perhaps he is best compared to a doctor who recommends solemnly that you give up smoking while he himself lights his hundredth of the day. You may laugh at his weakness, but you are not necessarily right to ignore his advice.

I think in the end Maugham's best epitaph would be that which Ovid* wrote for himself:

> Many excelled me: I know it.
> Yet I am quoted
> As much as they, and most read throughout the world.
> Which I was it triumphed? True poet or fashion's pander?
> Either way, generous reader, it is you I must thank. □

*Tr. Peter Green.

Moral Checkmate

The Sacred and Profane Love Machine
by Iris Murdoch
Viking, 374 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by
Barbara Grizzuti Harrison

Iris Murdoch is a wizard. She plays games with good and evil. She pushes her characters across a metaphysical chessboard, moving them from square to square (or bed to bed) with what seems like capricious abandon, until she arrives, with a flourish and a clanging of moral symbols, at the meticulously calculated, predestined conclusion: her novels end, always, with the appearance of the adversary's king in moral checkmate. Her quirky game is a hard one to follow. Often we feel that we have reached the end—or that we have begun, at least, to understand her logical use of means—only to realize that we have been watching her, as it were, through a series of trick mirrors she has set up. For her amusement? For our amusement?

She seduces us into accepting one set of moral conclusions, only to lead us into a new moral maze, to ripen our readiness for the many more moves yet to be played. Do we watch her game through the veils of our own ignorance, simplicities, or moral preconceptions? Or is she purposefully obfuscating? Is she laughing at us or instructing us? We blunder; her ideas of morality are (or seem to be) so complex, her virtuosity so dazzling, that it is not, usually, until the last page that this sorceress sets us straight and identifies the sin, or the sinner. And, even then, it is often difficult to ascertain with accuracy the nature of the sin or to understand what rewards or punishments accrue to the sinner.

After a while we wonder if we have been had: has Murdoch been playing both sides of the board all the while? Who *is* the adversary's king? Are we the victims of a trick, or are we moral innocents wandering in a moral labyrinth? Or are we merely entertainees? And does it, after all, matter? Must we trouble to understand the significance, in retrospect, of every move? Have we been reading a morality fable or a superior sexual-musical-chairs mystery novel? Need we exercise our intelligence and will to identify the criminal and to understand the crime, or should we simply allow ourselves to be pleasured by extraordinary intricacies of plot woven by a masterful conjurer?

That *The Sacred and Profane Love Machine* is Murdoch's sixteenth novel is a fact worth commenting upon, not merely to belabor the obvious, which is that her output is prodigious, but also to raise a question that is central to an understanding of her work: how many Murdochian characters, how many *named* people, resonate in the mind, memorable as unique, created beings, returning to trouble or amuse or nourish us? Few. Perhaps none. Does anyone remember the names of the characters in *A Severed Head* or *The Bell* or even so recent and highly praised a novel as *The Black Prince*? Murdoch does not create characters. She creates symbols. The symbols have names, but no one remembers the names.

Several years ago, a reviewer of no mean intelligence querulously remarked, in regard to one of Murdoch's novels, that if one is going to deal in symbols, then the symbols must *symbolize* something. If that something is so elusive as to defeat all attempts at interpretation, then we are indeed left with a conjurer's bag of tricks; we have been entertained, but we have also been had.

Everything I have said, of course, is the petulance of someone who does not really "love" Murdoch but who is unable to resist her. It's odd: I would not miss a single one of her novels. And I always feel, when I'm reading them, as if I'm learning something of great value. But afterwards I can never remember exactly what it was that I learned. The insights that seemed so piercing and ab-

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solute on the page drift and melt away almost as soon as the book is closed; what has seemed like an essential key, a clue, even an answer, is, in the end, ephemeral. That is irritating; it makes me feel as if I'd been had by a charming con artist. It's embarrassing to be gulled like that, particularly when one has no one to blame but oneself. Lately, I've been turning first to the last page of Murdoch's novels, to see who winds up in whose embrace, so as not to feel that I've been gulled. Then I can relax and start at the beginning.

If, then, we bring less energy to bear on Murdoch's novels, we are obliged to expect less of her.

But perhaps there is another way of looking at Murdoch's novels. Let us say that her characters are not symbols but points—pawns, if you will—in relationships. Let us say that she is writing, not about (absolute) good or (absolute) evil, but about love—erotic love, controlling love, love that is messy, muddled, violent, sometimes transcendent, frequently dangerous, always imperfect. If we view Murdoch, not as a moral arbiter, but as a chronicler of the permutations of human love, then we no longer require of her that she sharply delineate for us what is good and what is evil. (Where love is concerned, there is never a "final solution.") We say that she is a magician dealing, not in symbols or in carnival sleight of hand, but in transformations. Love is a transformation.

The Sacred and Profane Love Machine is the story of a man who "needs" two loves—one sacred and connubial, the other profane and adulterous—to sustain his image of himself, to support his happiness.

Blaise Gavender is a supreme egoist; that is, he holds his happiness to be the highest—indeed, the only—ideal, and the women in his life are victims of his idea of himself. A psychotherapist, he is a charlatan because he does not believe in his power to heal, while nevertheless acting as if he can heal. He does, however, believe that *he* can be healed; he wishes for "a salvation which blots out the fault." He wishes to be forgiven his sins but to continue to sin. He grovels and accuses himself but begs to be let off and not punished.

The "sin" of which he is guilty is that, for eight years, he has deceived his wife, Harriet—whose trust in him is total and monumental—by maintaining a second ménage with a woman whose capacity for vindictiveness and greed he sees as a necessary counterpart to Harriet's calm charity and accepting trust. We are given to understand (and one wishes, not without some measure of prurience, that Murdoch were less coy) that he and his mistress, Emily McHugh, are engaged in kinky sexual practices—"particular thrilling violences." The "private strangenesses" he has kept hidden from his wife for 20 years are complemented by Emily, in whose love he finds, not just sexual bliss, but also "metaphysical justification": "sin was an awful private happiness blotting out all else; only it was not sin, it was glory, it was good, his very own, manifested at last." It is as if, in his relationship with Emily, he has entered the dark cupboard of his secret vice—to find it blazing with light. Or so he rationalizes his duplicity. (Tricky Murdoch: is it a rationalization, or is it truly true that "profane" love can be redemptive?)

Harriet, Blaise's "sacred" love (who is quite the most interesting character in the book), dwells in the illusion that life has been "terrifyingly generous to her." Blessed with an untroubled conscience, she is thrillingly aware of being loved and loving. Her need to be needed, to be in the center of her family—to *be* the center of her family—has been so abundantly fulfilled that she is inspired to believe that she is a good person, that she will always act rightly, with humility and decency. She looks at the world through her husband's eyes; she has no other being, no other vision; love is her whole life. Her salvation, as she sees it and rejoices in it, lies in her formidable power to support those she loves. It is a key to her character that she will wash a head of lettuce for 20 minutes, so as not to allow "any minuscule creature inadvertently [to] elude rescue." She wants only to help, to be of use.

Emily, on the other hand, wants only to win. And as the possibility of her "winning" Blaise becomes more and more remote, she begins to provoke and torment him; she is sulky, spiteful, volatile. She wants to come out of the cupboard into the light of the world; she wants ordinariness—that is, marriage. She bears a child, Luca, a strange, withdrawn, obscurely frightening little boy. And she and Blaise begin to quarrel; no longer do they live like gods.

Poor Blaise, who is incapable of telling the truth and of confronting what he has done, tells himself that both his lives are valuable and true.

THEN HARRIET DISCOVERS the truth—Luca is the *deus ex machina*—and the game of sexual musical chairs begins in earnest. Blaise can sacrifice neither woman. He wants Emily to keep her

"Hi, there! I'm an idea and my time has come."

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place. He wants Harriet to sympathize and love him more than ever: "She's the sacrificing type," he says, "and in the end she'll see it as her duty." And Harriet, true to type, does see it as her duty to love and to forgive. It is not her idea that Blaise should choose between them. It is not her idea that Blaise should sacrifice or abandon Emily and Luca. Her acquiescence in his double life is, depending on one's point of view, arrogant or heroic; it is certainly not passive. Harriet will extend her charity to include everything and everybody. They will become a kind of extended family. She will manage it, as she has managed everything before, with tact and discretion. She is stupendous.

But Blaise, now that he has what he thought he wanted all along—a life that integrates and comprehends the sacred and the profane—is unable to cope with such ferocious love. He begins to believe that he never loved Harriet, that only with Emily was he "identified with his real self," fully inhabiting his own nature. He chooses Emily. No sooner does he choose Emily than he begins to believe that only Harriet's love can heal him. He chooses Harriet. Then he chooses again—Emily in the foreground, Harriet in the background. Then again —Harriet in the foreground, Emily in the background.

Can anything resolve this conflict but death? It would seem not. This is the bloodiest, most violent of Murdoch's novels. Whose blood is shed? Who wins? Ah, read the last page! With whom do we sympathize? It is a constant juggling act. Murdoch allows us to see all sides of every question.

Is the punishment of death, so brutally meted out to one of Murdoch's protagonists, an arbitrary plot contrivance? Or does it make a moral point? We return again to the central question: is it all morally meaningful? Well, certainly moral questions are raised. As usual, Murdoch allows her secondary characters to raise them. The minor characters—Montague Small, a dry, ascetic writer of mysteries who mourns unendingly for his dead frivolous wife; Edgar Demarnay, who adores all of Montague's women; Constance Pinn, Emily's ambiguous and titillatingly sinister companion—observe, act, and morally declaim. The main protagonists work in the dark toward their destinies. (And everybody, needless to say, falls in love, at sometime or another, with everybody else.)

These, I think, are some of the questions raised:

Does love consist in accepting all, or must it, to work in the world, define its own limits?

Is a powerful idleness (I am thinking of Harriet) a form of wicked mischievousness?

Is there such a thing as too much goodness, as oppressive goodness? Can goodness and self-sacrifice coexist with the need to control? Can love coexist with greed? Can it exist without greed? Are resentment and hatred forms of strength?

How does one know the difference between kindness and weakness? And is weakness a mortal sin?

Should human beings not pass on their pain to others? Is it possible not to do so? Is it in fact possible for people to be helplessly entangled in the needs, and by the wills, of others?

Are victims ennobled if they willingly allow themselves to become slaves? If they endure their victimization with humble, loving, lucid minds, are they no longer victims?

Is survival the only virtue? Is the best one can hope to achieve a moral mediocrity, ordinariness? Or is it each person's duty to make himself better?

THEY ARE interesting questions. But not so interesting, and not so cogently put, I'm afraid, that I won't forget them next week. And I still do not understand whether I am being invited to explore the nature of morality or the nature of love. Nor am I sure whether Murdoch considers them to be the same thing. I am not sure that they are the same thing, and I wish somebody would tell me.

I must end on another note of petulance: one Murdochian message sounds loud and clear in all her work. It is the existentialist message sugarcoated. Struggle to stay alive, existentialists say, because something may happen next. (It's a comforting message, isn't it?) Stay alive, Murdoch says, because something *will* happen next: a psychic revolution, a new love affair, unexpected and spectacular sex, revelations found in strange places—something wonderful, or terrible and illuminating, lurks around every corner; only wait. Well, I don't believe it. I think, ultimately, it's a cruel hoax: life is no more a game of sexual musical chairs with divine harmonies echoing in the wings—no more a perpetual psychic-phallic happening—than I am the Queen of Romania.

But I *am* an entertainee. Murdoch's latest novel, though it lacks the coarse salt of recklessness and wit that distinguished some of its predecessors, is enthralling. □

"I hate my parent companies."

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A Detailed Frame of History

FDR's Last Year:
April 1944–April 1945
by Jim Bishop
Morrow, 690 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Richard L. Tobin

Jim Bishop is best known for his formula titles—*The Day Lincoln Was Shot, The Day Christ Died, The Day Kennedy Was Shot.* Like the late John Gunther, he has stuck to a successful formula, and you can't blame him for it, because it works. Each volume has cost him years of intense research—in this case, chiefly interviews with F.D.R.'s three personal secretaries, his daughter Anna, his son Elliott, the chief of his Secret Service detail, Mike Reilly, newsmen, and surviving members of F.D.R.'s Cabinet and White House staff. The results not only sound authentic but, thanks to Jim Bishop's easy style, also make quick and persuasive reading, particularly to one who lived as a contemporary journalist through F.D.R.'s last year. Mr. Bishop's encyclopedic "you are there" technique has brought other famous personalities of the past startlingly to life. Here he succeeds once again, vividly evoking the ultimate drama of the last 12 months on earth of the best and most famous American President of the twentieth century.

The story begins March 27, 1944, shortly before D-Day, when President Roosevelt's doctor sends him to Bethesda Naval Hospital for a thorough cardiological and circulatory examination because something has gone radically wrong with the chief executive's state of health. It ends April 15, 1945, with Mrs. Roosevelt standing alone beside freshly turned earth at Hyde Park with heaven knows what distracted thoughts racing through her mind, perhaps still undiminished bewilderment at her late husband's long and secret love for Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd.

Within this single year the reader is treated to a double portrait of F.D.R.—as national and world leader, and as a man with many personal secrets. By the end of 690 pages we are no longer surprised that one of the last faces he sees before a massive hemorrhage closes his eyes forever is that of his other love, Mrs. Rutherfurd, sitting there with him, and not that of the most famous First Lady ever to grace the White House. It is an important frame of history never before told in such detail.

Mr. Bishop calls F.D.R.'s last year perhaps the most crucial in the twentieth century, and it may well have been. The fact that F.D.R. did not live to see the atomic bomb a reality is of no consequence. He had ordered the experiment

Wide World
Lucy Rutherfurd—"F.D.R.'s secret love."

on the private but assured word of Albert Einstein and of various men high in the military establishment. His decision to go ahead had been opposed strenuously by old Admiral Leahy, F.D.R.'s closest naval connection, who told the President that spending $2 billion on an atom bomb was throwing money down the drain because it would never go off. Building a flotilla of new 45,000-ton battleships would, said Leahy, make more sense. In any case, it was quite a year—atom bomb, total triumph in Europe and the Pacific (even if the Boss was not around to see sunrise), and the birth of the United Nations, which F.D.R. had fathered but missed by one short month.

So dear to his heart was the idea of a United Nations that F.D.R. told his staff at the Little White House in Warm Springs, Ga., that fateful April he would soon resign the presidency to administer the United Nations (or the United Nations Organization, as it was first called). F.D.R. had just written the first draft of his U.N. welcoming speech at San Francisco when suddenly the hardened arteries, which had reduced him to a shadow of the old campaigner, ceased to function. A massive cerebral hemorrhage exploded in his brain, as he said to the woman painting his portrait and to the woman he loved more than his wife: "I have a terrific headache." He was gone within five hours.

Mr. Bishop is careful to document every passage involving Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd and her 30-year relationship with Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The President's personal secretaries and the Secret Service men covering the President conspired over many years to bring the two of them together, sometimes in Rock Creek Park, sometimes on picnics or motor trips about Warm Springs, sometimes in the very White House itself. Elliott remembers vividly, when he was a child of eight, his usually calm mother shrilling accusations and waving a packet of scented letters in her husband's face, and his father saying: "Please, Babs. Please. The dinner guests are downstairs." And Anna recalls her mother's telling her in girlhood: "Sex, my dear, is a thing a woman must learn to endure." Using these and many other sources for his summation, Bishop puts it this way: "For her [Eleanor] the manifestations of love were easy to dispense with. She was incapable of appreciating the embrace of a man, and this was peculiar, because this very proper wife found it easy to give all of her heart to suffering millions she never met."

The book is far from being scandal-ridden; it would not be worth much if it were. What the revealed secret love life of F.D.R. does do is to place yet another dimension on this remarkable man, the only President ever elected to a third, let

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alone a fourth, term. The story of his last year is a gigantic tapestry containing the invasion of Normandy, the fateful conference at Yalta, his fourth election as President, the coming atomic explosion, hopes and fears for a U.N. Organization, his constant concern with domestic reforms unprecedented before or after his terms of office. What the inner personal story of Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt does in the telling helps to explain that great lady's intensity of mission in the White House and after. Her deadly secret was carried with her to her grave, and it is only just now being revealed in all its poignant human detail.

In a way, of course, Franklin Roosevelt committed suicide: he simply ignored common sense once the presidential bug had bitten him. Paralyzed from the waist down for most of his adult life, F.D.R. paid scant attention to what he ate and drank and got little or no exercise. Arteriosclerosis was inevitable under the pressures of his extended and most extraordinary presidency. Jim Bishop says rightly that Mr. Roosevelt neglected his body "in exchange for a firm chair in the seat of power." This assessment is unquestionably true of a President completely aware of his unique place in U.S. and world history. One somehow understands it all better because of this thorough and fascinating volume, which will, I suspect, find a wider audience than any of Jim Bishop's other 17 books, because it is probably the best of them. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 31
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 58.

The warmth of Spring — — — — — — flowers from the earth.
The thawing — — — — — — awaits its green rebirth;
And we, who chafed as serfs of Winter's king,
Now own ourselves the willing — — — — — — of Spring.

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New Books

Kissinger

by Marvin Kalb and Bernard Kalb
Little, Brown, 577 pp., $12.50

This facile but enormously readable book by the Kalb brothers adds up to a positive portrait of the Secretary of State, any news of whom now acts upon the public in the way that news of Jacqueline Kennedy once did. Since the days of President Franklin Roosevelt, America has had very little by way of men in high office who were magnets for the public's curiosity in the way Kissinger is, men who have displayed a blend of mind and power that set them above the common. The Kalbs' view of Kissinger is not argumentative. It is really, rather, a semi-biographical portrait of a political star, a work that serves up the facts and draws the behind-the-scenes scenes for the reader, and does so with dramatic flourish on occasion.

The best of these behind-the-scenes stories are of Kissinger's China visit, in company of Richard Nixon, and of the State Department–Pentagon activity in the first week of the October War when Mr. Kissinger is alleged to have been stalled by a recalcitrant James Schlesinger on the matter of airlifting the supplies to the Israelis, which they urgently needed.

There is, in the Kalbs' portrait of Kissinger, thin coverage of his personal life, which is to suggest that the Kalbs are, like a certain breed of old newsmen, averse to speculations for which hard proofs and interviews cannot be marshalled. They have summoned early memories of Heinz Kissinger, from the elderly survivors of his city of Furth, Germany, now residents of Israel, and those memories are not deep. The Kalbs' businesslike attitude toward their subject is nevertheless admirable, and it has produced a work commendably well paced and engrossing.

•

A Scandalous Woman, and Other Stories

by Edna O'Brien
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 151 pp., $6.95

The premise that the happiest of lives will one day be deprived and that, for the most promising and the most beautiful, there is destined a time of madness and emptiness, is not a new one in literature. What is notable about Edna O'Brien is the gaiety, the genuine spirits, that lighten the life of her stories before the darkness sets in. Miss O'Brien's talent, as evident in the long title story, is to create characters in the full belief and the immediacy of the moment, characters whose lives may go this way or that, who exist innocent of their fate, and who somehow keep the reader innocent with them. The collection is not at its best in cluttered stories like "The House of My Dreams," a rambling work told from the point of view of a mind unhinged. But madness is Miss O'Brien's strong suit, particularly the sort of madness that is the product of loneliness and age, of the unexpected, unprepared-for vacancies that lie in wait for one. It is evident in "The Favorite," a stark, chilling story and one that is steadfastly ordinary, ordinary in its details and its assumptions in the way that most human life is ordinary. It is a steadfastness that distinguishes most of the stories here and that makes Edna O'Brien so enormously readable a writer.

•

H. G. Wells and Rebecca West

by Gordon N. Ray
Yale University Press, 215 pp., $7.95

The relationship that was established between Rebecca West and H. G. Wells

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in 1913 was an enduring one, for in its way, it lasted far longer than the 10-year span officially ascribed to it. Wells, who was determined to stay married to Jane, his second wife, met Rebecca West when she was 20 and he was 46. The 10 years that followed was a time of both great happiness and misery for Rebecca West, and toward the end of that span, it was a good deal more of the latter. In addition to the troubles that invariably proceed from such relationships, there was Wells's character and disposition to reckon with. He could be a tyrant; he could be singularly self-centered and intemperate. He also loved Rebecca West extravagantly, and she loved him no less: they had the happiness of couples who believe that, in each other, they have found the best that there is in the world, and as such things go, their conviction lasted an extraordinarily long time, against heavy odds.

H. G. Wells destroyed the letters Rebecca West had written to him over the 10 years of their active relationship, but virtually all the letters that Wells sent West, some 800 of them, were saved. Access to these, in addition to some few of West's letters to Wells, which somehow survived, constitute much of the basis for Gordon Ray's reconstruction of their relationship. There are troubles with that reconstruction, for in it are a fair number of ellipses and casually executed sidesteps, which are clearly the result of caution. The narrative is a trifle elevated in tone; indeed, it is a terribly respectful work, and, it ought to be said, there are ways of being respectful that do not sit quite so heavily on the voice.

These things aside, it is nonetheless an immensely fascinating work. The language of intimacy that West and Wells shared was precisely the opposite of elevated: it was hard and earthbound, it was literate, not literary, it was direct and impassioned. It is a marvel to see the assurance in the quoted criticism of the young Rebecca West and as much a marvel to see the letters H. G. Wells sent her, which read, sometimes, like the coo-ings of an exceedingly witty pigeon. But there are others much harder than these, and they proceeded from a hard heart which, from time to time, Wells showed he could have with regard to West, particularly as he grew older and the age difference told more and more—particularly as Rebecca West became a busier and busier writer. It is of no small interest to read certain of Rebecca West's letters. The young journalist, who grew to be, as she is today, the greatest living writer of English prose, was, in her time, also a fair hand with baby talk, as well as those other more complicated forms of whimsy that have always afflicted lovers (none less so than H. G. Wells, the samples of whose correspondence along those lines are numerous).

The West-Wells relationship was rare, if it was not always beautiful, and Mr. Ray has assembled plenty of evidence here to prove it. He has done so ably and movingly. There are in the letters passages that cause a catch in the breath. There is horror in them, to be sure; but there is much more that attests to the strength and the fitness of a certain kind of human connection, and the result of that testimony is a portrait of considerable power.

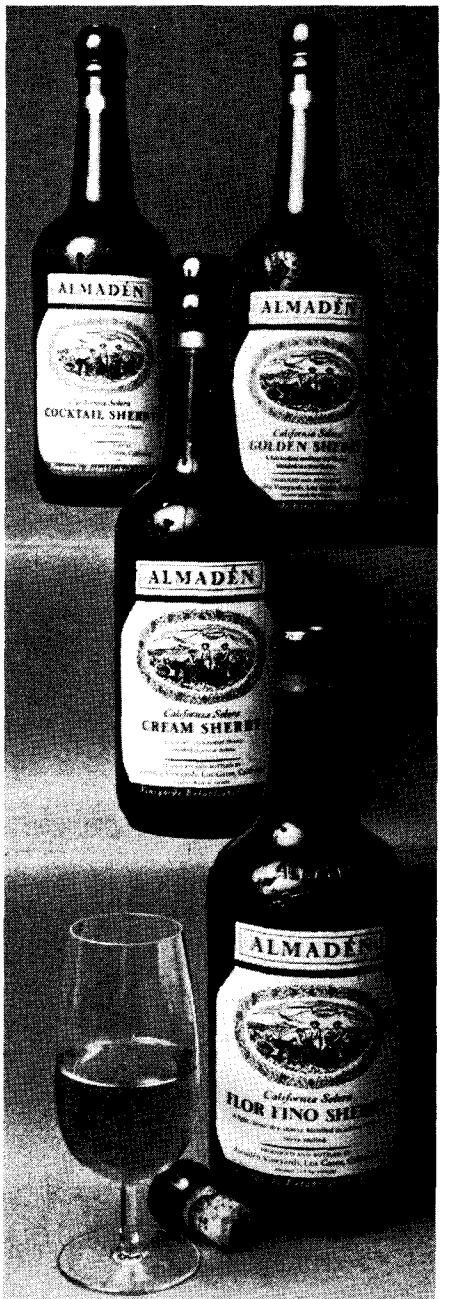
•

Exclusive! The Inside Story of Patricia Hearst and the SLA

by Marilyn Baker with Sally Brompton
Macmillan, 256 pp., $8.95

Marilyn Baker is the television newswoman whose revelations about the Patricia Hearst kidnapping and the composition of the Symbionese Liberation Army came well ahead of the police, the result of a hotly pursued independent investigation of her own. The reporter for KQED in San Francisco has, with the help of Sally Brompton, a journalist who reported the Hearst kidnapping for the British papers, put together a work about the SLA and her pursuit of it that must be counted head and shoulders above any of those instant books born of sensational events and published in such numbers nowadays. The book is superb in a number of things, not least in its cold and fearless loathing of all the fashionable pieties that proceed from such as the Berkeley and Oakland "radicals" and their sympathizers. Her language is clear and deliberate: "thugs" she calls the types who dominated the Hearst food giveaway and who, when it was found that food was being distributed in a non-black section where people were hungry—in San Francisco's Chinatown—beat up a priest and two elderly women and carted away the food. The Black Muslims sent Hearst a bill for $99,980, for fish they claimed they gave away to the poor, Miss Baker reports, and Hearst paid it; no one who ever received any of that fish can be found.

She is no less frank in her allusions



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to that sector of society which is capable of looking on rapaciousness and murder as "political activism." It is a solid book not only because it is an absorbing work of intrigue, as it is, but also because its point of view is earthy, angry, and principled, and because these things are nowadays so rare in journalism.

•

The Reich Marshal: A Biography of Hermann Goering

by Leonard Mosley
Doubleday, 408 pp., $12.50

Of all the Nazis who sat in the dock at Nuremberg, Hermann Goering was undoubtedly, next to Speer, the most cultivated and intelligent. When he cheated the hangman by swallowing cyanide, it seemed no great surprise that it would be Goering who achieved a last-minute victory over his captors, despite all their precautions. Mr. Mosley's biography of *der Dicke* ("the fat one"), as the Germans fondly called their Reich Marshal, is heavily detailed in all the ordinary aspects of Goering's life, up to its end; it is also an inordinately tender-hearted work about Hermann Goering. Try though Mr. Mosley will to be hard and judgmental about the character of the man who served Hitler with his whole soul (though he disagreed with him sometimes), the man who lived in the thick of the Nazi kingdom and enriched himself by looting the art treasures of the world, he, Mr. Mosley, is hard put to conceal his affection for his subject. It is a writer's fate to be inextricably tangled in the life of his subject and, not infrequently, to emerge from that tangle with a deep feeling for the life one has come to know so well. This wholly understandable sympathy is a different matter from the sort of thing Mr. Mosley shows, and that is a consistent insinuation that, despite the world's judgment and the judgment at Nuremberg, Hermann Goering was a worthy man. Mr. Mosley confidently explains that the Nuremberg trials were political trials no different from those which took place in Russia except, he notes in a parenthetical tone, that the Nuremberg trials were ethically and morally correct. When a man has shown himself to be somewhat less amoral and brutish than his close associates, it is no doubt easy to view him in a positive light. But it is a false light: Hermann Goering was not a humanist and in any society more civilized and moral than the Nazis', Goering's character can be seen for what it was, a dark stain on the image of man.

It is an interesting enough biography in its details. Yet, there is such a thing as the character of a work, and Mr. Mosley's is a deeply flawed one. His aim is always to get around the corners of history and back to the man inside, an impulse, with regard to World War II and the second highest Nazi leader next to Hitler, that is bound to make for slickness, and it does.

•

Impeachment: A Handbook

by Charles L. Black, Jr.
Yale University Press, 80 pp.,
$5.95 hardbound, $1.95 paperback

This book was conceived on the premise that the President of the United States might within a few months face impeachment and removal from office. As everyone on the planet knows by now, Richard Nixon has resigned from office and removed with him any immediate necessity of an impeachment trial. Yet, as the continuous overflow of sightseers to the White House and the newly reverent public interest with regard to the constitutional process prove, the mood for which this handbook was written is far from over. Mr. Black explains the procedures of impeachment and the nature of the impeachable offense in concise terms, in simple language, setting forth, as he goes, parenthetical arguments of an interesting sort. Discussing "high crimes and misdemeanors," Mr. Black asks whether the President can lawfully be impeached and removed *only* for conduct that would also be a punishable crime for anybody. "Suppose a President were to move to Saudi Arabia so he could have four wives, and were to propose to conduct the office of the presidency by mail and wireless from there. This would not be a crime, provided his passport were in order. Is it possible that such gross and wanton neglect of duty could not be grounds for impeachment and removal?" Mr. Black is admirably clear on several points (including the foolhardiness of judicial review once the Senate has voted for impeachment), which is to say that this is not merely a handbook about the technical aspects but also an argument about the problems of impeachment, which have become, in our surprising times, absorbing matters.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

"Don't feel guilty, son. You're not supposed to like me. I'm your father."

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Witty Poet

The first thing to say about Reed Whittemore is that he's a witty poet. And how welcome that is after fighting one's way through a dozen volumes by the pretentious, the tortured, the obscurantist! He's published eight collections, and his newest has just come out from Houghton Mifflin—*The Mother's Breast and the Father's House*—$5.95 cloth, $3.95 paper. There are 40 new poems and 40 from earlier books. Here's "Science Fiction":

From my city bed in the dawn I see a
raccoon
On my neighbor's roof.
He walks along in his wisdom in the gutter
And passes from view
On his way to his striped spaceship to
take his disguise off
And return to Mars as himself, a Martian
Raccoon.

Easy Laughers

Scuffler, Harvey Orkin's first novel (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, October 23, $6.95), arrives slathered with quotes from S. J. Perelman, Mort Sahl, Zero Mostel, Richard Burton, Al Hirschfeld, and Robert Alan Arthur, all saying it's funny, funny, funny, and comparable to Ring Lardner, Nathanael West, and S. J. Perelman—no, no, *he* doesn't say that. It's the first-person story of the life of a 72-year-old confidence man from the Midwest who operated as a cardsharp on the great ocean liners and ends up in oil wells. From it I got one snort and two smiles. Not that it's awful; just so-so. I can only conclude that (a) I'm a sourpuss, or (b) Messrs. Perelman, Sahl, Mostel, Burton, Hirschfeld, and Arthur are easy laughers, or (c) they're very good friends of Mr. Orkin, who is vice-president of Columbia Pictures.

Drill Torture

As I always say, I read for information, exaltation, or entertainment. That's what I always say, and I can become quite a bore about it. I don't want to read about cardboard figures performing meaningless and improbable acts. That's why I steer away from international-intrigue thrillers, unless they're by Richard Condon, who gives you something with the flummery. This is a lead-up to the newest by William Goldman, *Marathon Man* (Delacorte Press, October 1, $7.95). It's a shoot-'em-up spy-chase deal, but with some humor and information: preposterous plot with professional killers, ex-Nazis, vast sums of money, and a history student who loves to run and gets plenty of chances to. How about a villain who's an ex-dentist and tortures with his drill? That strike a nerve? Here's how Goldman laughs at lock myths:

It was locked, but locks meant nothing to Scylla, he had a way with them, and he reached into his pants pocket. Everybody was always talking about skeleton keys, writers were always writing about skeleton keys, but Scylla knew they were nothing, not unless you had a hundred different sizes and styles. Picks were the thing, and he always had one, and one was all you needed if you had the gift of touch when it came to tumblers. He took out his pocket knife, small, two-bladed, and ordinary except that he had altered the tinier blade, thinned it slightly, given it an almost imperceptible hook, so that it wasn't much of a pick really, no decent locksmith would want to take it on an important job; still, it sufficed, and Scylla inserted it noiselessly into the lock once, got the feel of the tumblers, ripped up and down, and that was that.

Crass

It has been suggested that I include the prices of books discussed in this column. I hate to introduce a crass commercial note into this otherwise totally aesthetic mélange, but if it will help libraries in ordering books, I'll do it, I'll do it. What makes me blench is looking at the prices! Six dollars and ninety-five cents for a skinny novel, $10.00 for a fat one, $18.50 for a biography, and no hardbound poetry under $5.95! But I'm told that the price of books has not increased nearly as much as that of shoes, ships, sealing wax, and other necessities, and, as we know, the book is the finest of all investments.

Two Collars

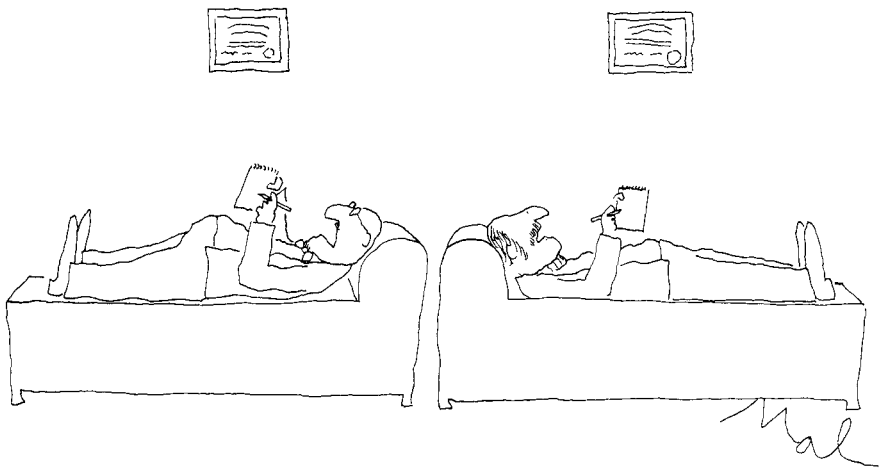
Frederick Buechner is both a Presbyterian minister and a productive novelist, but one doesn't intrude on the other. No propagandizing or exhorting in his books; they're well made and interesting. The newest is *Love Feast* (Atheneum, September 20, $7.95), the third in a trilogy about a picturesque country preacher named Leo Bebb. A lot of plot, no skimping on sex and blue language, and a book to read and enjoy without having to read its two predecessors (which I haven't). Here are some aperçus:

The big difference between the movies of my childhood and the movies of today is that the old ones seemed to have so many more people in them. . . . Not only all the people you could see on the screen but I always had the feeling that off-screen too—behind every closed door and around the bend of every corridor and outside on the street—there were always at least as many people again in full costume just waiting around in case a door happened to blow open or the director decided to aim his camera in another direction.

I sometimes think that all the major dramas of my life have taken place in kitchens, and maybe that's because in kitchens there's always something else to fall back on if the going gets tough, like cooking or eating or doing the dishes.

You can't be too careful what you tell a child because you never know what he'll take hold of and spend the rest of his life remembering you by.

. . . then the wrinkles of grief starting to shoot across that fierce, orphaned face like a cake of ice when you hit it with a pick. □



". . . ♪♪ You tell me your dreams, and I'll tell you mine . . . ♪♪."

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Skyhawk.

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Born Free.

Cars are like people.

Some seem filled with inhibitions, concessions, compromises.

Then there's the other kind. The kind that exudes charisma. Confidence. Free spirit.

Buick's new Skyhawk, as its name suggests, is of the latter category.

It sits there, rakish and purposeful, square-headlamped and aerodynamic, tautly suspended on its radial-shod wheels. Like any confident design, Skyhawk does not beg you to love it. It does not over-promise or boast. It simply *is.* And its presence inspires affection.

Yet for all its machismo, for all its tendency to look like some exotic European prototype, Skyhawk is as untemperamental as an old friend.

Its engine is a Buick-built, 3.8 liter V-6 that is designed to be both responsive and frugal. High-Energy Ignition (no points or ignition condenser to replace) is standard, as is a 4-speed transmission, plus front and rear stabilizer bars in the suspension.

And to further demonstrate its utilitarian talents, Skyhawk is a hatchback. Which opens to reveal seating for four, a generous luggage compartment, an expanse of natty houndstooth upholstery and a big tachometer. All standard, of course.

There's more, but space limits. Suffice to say if you've stayed with us this long, you're probably the kind of person Skyhawk was designed to attract.

In which case the two of you really ought to meet each other.

At your Buick dealer.

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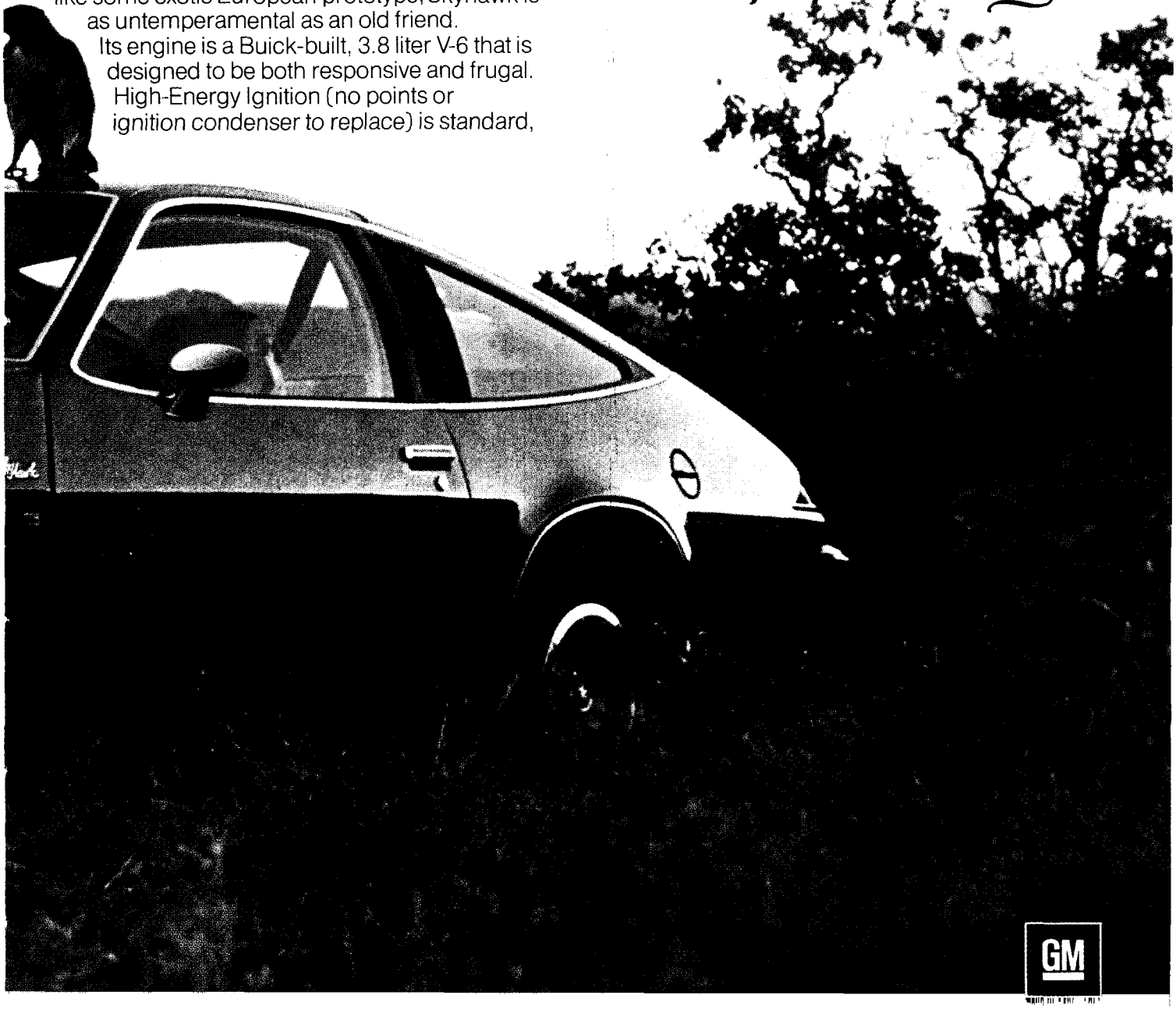

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

How Much Is Enough?

Only asking: if a president—any president—say the president of the U.S. Eyebrow Tweezer Company, resigns after he is accused of impropriety in high office and is pardoned by his successor, should he or should he not be considered as having paid his debt, scot and lot, and be permitted to go hugh scott-free?

The emotion-packed argument finds the shareholders in the tweezer outfit split about 50-50. One half holds that the head of their company "suffered enough" when he demoted himself to a president with an ex-rating.

They argue he should be remembered for his *good* accomplishments while he was in office, and as a token of their esteem he should be presented with a solid-gold watch. Or $850,000 in cash. Whichever is higher.

The dissident half argues that it's the stockholders who have "suffered enough" through their diminished dividends, forcing them into a spartan lifestyle resulting in a great loss of pride in their company. And their nightly barbecued-steak dinners. Whichever is higher.

So the bottom-line question becomes: who has suffered more "enough"—the eyebrow president or the people with a vested interest in his tweezers? Or, forgetting the president of the U.S. Eyebrow Tweezer Company, let us take another president who just this minute comes to mind: the former U.S. President.

Before I go taking sides on how much suffering is "enough," and who has been suffering more of it, the President or the people, I want the record to show that when it comes to forgiveness, amnesty, mercy—choice of any—I am as compassionate as the next Republican. And as long-suffering.

I always say (if you will excuse my quoting myself)—and my friends will tell you I have always said—that the quality of mercy is not strain'd, it droppeth like gentle rain from heaven upon this place beneath. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

That's what I always say. And you would be surprised at how many dinners I eat alone.

Clare Boothe Luce must have been twice blesseth for an essay in *The New York Times*. It was an unabashed, literate, tender, and loving valentine for Mr. Nixon, in which she came out on the side of mercy and compassion.

"In the present condition of crime and punishment in the United States," she wrote, "all that 'booking' Mr. Nixon will prove is that . . . America is now so full of that spiritual violence called vindictiveness that no room is left in its heart for compassion or mercy [for the "mistake" of Watergate]. As crimes go in America, the crime he committed . . . was not a particularly horrifying one. He did not commit treason, murder, rape, aggravated assault, or grand larceny."

Then suddenly in the next line, mercy became a little strain'd and fell heavily like hailstones from heaven upon a Democrat beneath: "Nobody was drowned at Watergate," she wrote.

Mercy, it seemeth, drowneth on a tragic bridge at the river's end.

Watergate! It's like I always say, oh what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive. The web was even apparent in the plan to announce the pardon. All so carefully orchestrated.

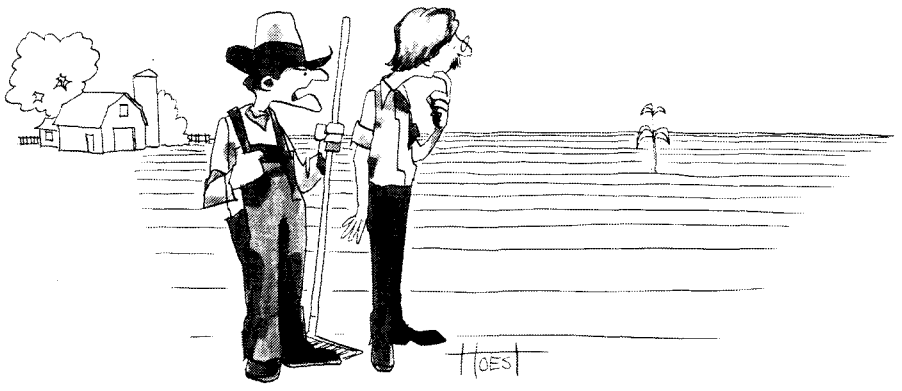
On a Sunday morning at 10 o'clock Eastern Daylight Time, President Ford would make the announcement from the White House. At San Clemente at 7 A.M. Pacific-coast time, the pardoned Mr. Nixon would be in his limousine on his way to Palm Springs to play golf on the private 18-hole course of Walter Annenberg's estate.

While the pardoned ex-President would be at a private country club, trying to lower his golf score, President Ford would be trying to get the country on a course that would lower the cost of a ham-and-egg sandwich.

It is easy to imagine, and to empathize with, the torture our new and personable President must have gone through to come to his decision to pardon. A week or two before the announcement, he left the White House to spend a weekend at Camp David to search deeply into conscience and heart for guidance.

The solitude of Camp David is where his predecessor often visited. There, in isolation, Mr. Nixon would make the big decisions needed for his troubled country. As did Presidents Eisenhower and Johnson before him.

Since all the big decisions have come from Camp David, and considering the condition of our country today, I ask one question: before getting rid of one President for the next President, wouldn't we be better off getting rid of Camp David? □



"OK, son, so what else did they teach you at agricultural school?"

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 18

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 58.

R B A I Z A G R A V R
D C A G V L Z A : R K H K G
I K K H G N R Y K Q T M
V R A G C R B , G Q H R K
B G E A Y R O K L Q H K L R
T M G N N Y H A Q R .
N B G Z C A V C G X T

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01173 **CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS** by Taylor Caldwell
00172 **BURY MY HEART AT WOUNDED KNEE** by Dee Brown
01273 **MY NAME IS ASHER LEV** by Chaim Potok
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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

We read somewhere that out in California the Carpenters Union has a new contract—one that calls, now take this slow, for $108 per day. That isn't the *special* carpenters, mind you—indeed, the item made clear, it is for the ordinary hammer-and-nails men.

The special fellows—like, we presume, the screw men—will get about $200 a day. And, we suppose, time and a half for overtime—beyond, that is, their regular 40-minute day.

There's actually no way to figure these guys by the hour, because as anyone who has ever tried to build a house knows, they never work a whole hour at a time. The only way you can figure them is by the minute. And the way we figure it, your ordinary hammer-and-nails man is going to nail down $2.70 a minute.

It's not easy to think of anybody who is equally overpaid. But we have two candidates for you. One is Tom Seaver, and the other is Wilt Chamberlain. There are, of course, a host of equally overpaid people in all sports, but these will have to do for starters—which, incidentally, they so rarely are. Seaver got, as we understand it, $180,000 for his work—we're kidding, of course, about it being "work"—this past season. We suggest next year, when it comes time to negotiate, asking for $190,000. *Our* asking, we mean. That he pay *us* $190,000. After all, he owes his fans something.

As for Chamberlain, all he got was $600,000. Not to play, of course—to *not* play. Next year we suggest he turn pro—you know, pay for play—and pay us, say, about $598,000.

Then there's the case of Moses Malone. He got $3 million—in high school. Well, why do you think they call it high school?

But don't stop with basketball players. There are plenty of football players, too, who are trying to make do in these difficult times. The woods are full of quarter-million backs and half-million backs and even tight ends and wide receivers. Tight ends are ends that don't tip. Wide receivers—well, you guess. All in all, with everybody else paid these days, why should the fans stay amateur? Let them turn pro, too. Maybe those carpenters could get started right now on the bleacher seats—you remember, those 50-cent ones. Only this time you don't pay it, of course; you get it.

HEADLINE OF THE WEEK—as found by John Hyman in the Louisville *Times:*

U.S. WARNS TURKS, GREEKS
THEY'LL LOSE MILITARY AID
IF THEY SHOULD GO TO WAR

Who says our government doesn't mean business?

SIGN OF THE FORTNIGHT—located by Jeanne Ward in the Minneapolis *Tribune*—the sign having been over the entrance of the North Dakota State University Library:

Due to the reorganization, the basement will be on the second floor, one half of the second floor will be in the first floor, but one half will remain on the second. First floor will move to the basement. We suggest you ask for help.

We suggest you demand it.

COOKBOOK LOOK—as seen by Marge Kelp of Pacific Grove, Calif., in the Monterey Peninsula *Herald*:

French cookbooks are much less explicit than American ones. They say a little of this and a little of that and make your mother water.

It's the excitement, we presume.

SPORTS NOTE—as spotted by Mrs. J. D. Cleveland of East Lansing, in the *Detroit Free Press*:

The Raiders had piled up a 14 to 0 lead against overmatched Lion rookies in the first period, and the AFC Western Division champs cemented their third straight victory before halftime with a nifty piece of ledger domain.

Obviously going for the record books.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS DEPT.—discovered by Betty Holliday of Corona del Mar, Calif., in the Newport Beach *Daily Pilot*:

LAKEWOOD (UPI)—An 18-month-old Long Beach girl suffered a fractured ankle Saturday when her feet became lodged in a department store escalator.

"I felt I've had a good life," she said. "It's important not to dwell on sorrows but to turn them into constructive effort to help the grief of other people."

That girl bears watching. □

"Oh, dear! They're phasing him out!"

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 57

(DAN) BROWNE:
THE HOUSEBUILDING BOOK

When the ridge, the highest point of the house, has been installed, tradition has it that a bush be nailed there and that everyone quit work for the day and have a party . . . this tradition . . . is the focus of a scene in Ibsen's *The Master Builder.* Whatever its origins, I like it.

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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Among Italy's Problems, Environment Is Not the Least

From our European correspondent, lately in Italy

No country would appear to have more of a vested interest in protecting its natural and cultural patrimony than Italy. It depends heavily on the attractiveness of its beaches and museums for the tourists, whose foreign exchange is essential to balance Italy's external accounts—more essential than ever since the oil crisis. Yet the apparent insouciance with which Italian citizens and their government fiddle while their country's natural amenities are despoiled and their artistic treasures pillaged and allowed to decay is without comparison.

It is estimated that in the time of Augustus Caesar, Romans were provided with 1,000 liters of water per day; today the actual figure is 400. More forest acreage is consumed by fire each year than is reclaimed by afforestation, despite a serious erosion problem, which aggravates a low agricultural productivity, and despite timber shortages, which make marble floors cheaper than wood. Italian coastal waters suffer from the late oil czar Mattei's strategy of building export-oriented coastal refineries for petroleum products. Over 40 refineries in the country process more than 100 million tons of crude per year, one-third of which is exported. (In this respect, the oil crisis is helping environmentally, if not economically, for the refineries are in trouble.) The pollution of coastal waters by raw sewage as well as refinery and other industrial effluent has led since 1970 to numerous beach closures; and it is a bold or ignorant tourist who will take the hepatitis risk in eating local shellfish.

The absence of a land-use policy results in such monstrosities as the grotesque concrete apartment strip along the Tyrrhenian coast from Ancona to Ostia and the sprawling unsightliness of greater Milan. Industrial emissions combine with natural conditions in the northern plains to produce some of Europe's worst smog. And Venice is subjected to a double jeopardy: it is sinking while the Adriatic waters rise, and its air and lagoon waters are becoming increasingly polluted, primarily from industrial sources. Meanwhile, Italian politicking has delayed an internationally funded program to save the city.

The Red Mud Case

While the Italian government has been watering down the application of the European Community's "polluter pays" principle, a court in Leghorn has made a precedent-setting ruling in the so-called "red mud" case. Applying a statute prohibiting the submerging of toxic substances at sea without a permit, Judge Gianfranco Viglietta found in favor of the Corsican fishermen who had brought suit against Montedison to halt dumping of titanium dioxide wastes off the Corsican coast. Montedison president Eugenio Cefis and four company directors were each given sentences of 3 months and 20 days, suspended, however, on the grounds that the defendants had begun to take remedial action. All dumping is to be stopped by the end of 1975.

Within the last year, a Ministry of the Environment has been created, presumably to tackle such problems and to assume responsibility for cultural monuments as well. If Minister Giuseppe Lupis ever gets a budget and some civil servants for his ministry, which hasn't occurred yet and in view of Italy's economic crisis does not seem imminent, there is a modest legislative base to work on. In particular, there is a modern air-pollution statute with three sections, covering auto exhausts, industrial emissions, and domestic heating. Only the third category has been conscientiously applied, resulting in significant reductions in air pollution from heating fuels. For automobiles, no regulations have been issued, and for industry the existing regulations are wholly inadequate.

As for soil and water pollution, no modern legislation exists, although old and often obscure statutes conceived for other purposes have been applied in some instances by aggressive young magistrates to stop the fouling of waters by industry.

With the government all but hamstrung, most initiatives have come from the political opposition or the private sector. The Italian Communist party helped make the environment a politi-

HARDHAT ENVIRONMENTALIST

Can anyone outside of Australia imagine a country's best-known unionist also being its best-known environmentalist? Jack Mundey, former secretary of the Builders Labourers' Federation of New South Wales, is a much-respected, cordially hated leader who is held responsible for holding up more than $3 billion in demolition and construction jobs because he considers them environmentally harmful. Under his persuasion, the union has applied its notorious "green bans" to the destruction of historic buildings, the conversion of parkland to an apartment-house complex, and the construction of a new power plant for Melbourne—until stricter pollution controls were incorporated in the design. Patrons of the new Sydney Opera House must walk to reach it because the union refused to build a car park under the adjoining Botanical Gardens on the grounds that the plants might be damaged by exhaust pollution and three rare fig trees would have been uprooted. Altogether 41 projects have been stopped, or delayed until plans were altered.

Not all Australian environmentalists are pleased by Mundey's assumption of the role of arbiter of what is environmentally acceptable. Mundey claims he is merely trying to stimulate participatory democracy and to encourage union members to assume social responsibility for the results of their labor. He says his union has never imposed a green ban except at the request of a local citizen action group.

Judging from an interview in *New Scientist*, Mundey is a tough and thoughtful unionist who is serious about improving the quality of life and about the role that workers should play in bringing it about. As promised six years ago, Mundey has now resigned and gone back to work as a building laborer. And an industrial court has ruled that the "green bans" amount to "sabotage"—hence illegal.

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cal issue in 1971 (as did Amintore Fanfani, a leading Christian Democrat). The party campaigned in the regional elections of that year on the slogan "Red Beaches are Cleaner," alleging that beaches in areas with Communist-dominated local governments were less polluted than those elsewhere.

Money, personnel, and legislation aren't all the minister will need. As in other countries, effectiveness will require new kinds of inter-ministerial cooperation, as at least three other ministries—public health, agriculture, and tourism—have responsibilities in the field.

Initiatives supported by big business have led to major conferences in Urbino and, more recently, in Turin, and to the publication of the first and only serious attempt to survey the country's environmental problems (TECNECO: *Prima Relazione sulla Situazione Ambiente del Paese*, Rome). The most dynamic pressure group is an organization called Italia Nostra, which formerly was mainly concerned with conservation but has acquired a broader view and program. It has 20,000 volunteer members, organized in 125 local chapters, who do useful education-information work, and a small professional staff in Rome, which lobbies, helps draft model legislation (such as that eventually passed on national parks), and acts as a troublesome conscience for businessmen and politicians. Its secretary-general, architect B. Rossi-Doria, recognizes that they are seen as "troublemakers, opposed to economic progress," but feels that someone must play the role. He is explicit in stressing the need for international solutions to Italy's problems. Not only is the Mediterranean obviously a larger-than-national problem; so is tourism. Preservation of the beaches and other amenities requires a willingness by North European tourists to assume responsibilities in the country where they seek escape.

British Study Establishes Safety of the Pill

From time to time there are alarms about the safety of the Pill, and in some countries, such as Japan, it has been little used on this account. Now the Royal College of General Practitioners in Britain has completed a massive study that should lay to rest recurring fears of serious side effects.

More than 15,000 users of oral contraceptives plus a control group of roughly equal size were examined periodically, and every illness or complaint of each woman was recorded for a period of four years. The R.C.G.P. reported that "not a single previously unsuspected important adverse effect of the Pill has been revealed by the study so far, and several suspected risks have been shown to be small or non-existent." The most serious adverse effect appears to be hypertension, which may increase with use and age up to about 5 percent of Pill-takers. One specific fear discovered to be unfounded was that the Pill increased the incidence of diabetes. Moreover, the side effects beneficial to health were not inconsequential—for example, a lower rate of benign breast tumors and protection against ovarian cysts and iron-deficiency anemia. The latter finding is of particular importance for women in developing countries.

The International Planned Parenthood Federation asserts that "this is not only the first successful prospective study of more than 10,000 takers to be conducted, but it is likely to remain the only source of information of this type for many years. . . . Prospective studies are being conducted in the U.S.A. but are not so advanced. No other developed country is in a position to begin such a survey, and unfortunately surveillance of this type is impossible in developing countries."

Global Report

Paris—One of the principal problems in studying the effects of harmful substances on human health is to evaluate their cumulative impact in combination. Isolated studies of individual pollutants are not sufficient, for the interaction of chemical substances may multiply the hazard, which may further increase with prolonged exposure.

This obvious but essential point was perhaps the main thrust of a five-day conference here on "The Latest Progress in Evaluating the Effects of Environmental Pollution on Health," attended by 700 specialists from 50 countries and organized by the Commission of the European Community, the World Health Organization, and the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency. A principal objective of the 160 papers, round-table discussions, and debates was to assist the commission "to fix reference levels which will enable it to harmonize the environmental policies of the nine Member States of the Community." Despite the difficulties cited, the commission believes "it is now scientifically possible to make a qualitative and quantitative analysis of the damage that can be done by a number of pollutants to man's health and his environment."

Manchester, England—The most troublesome element in the mountainous flow of solid waste is plastics, which are almost immune to biodegradation and give off excessive heat and pollution when burned. Prof. Bernard Brown and colleagues here at the University of Manchester appear to have found a way not only to break down polyethylene—the most common plastic used in packaging—but also to convert its hydrocarbons into protein.

According to an article in *Nature*, nitric acid was effective in oxidizing the plastic. The resulting product was used to cultivate 19 species of fungi, the most productive of which yielded 176 grams of fungi from 100 grams of polyethylene. With further treatment by established methods, the fungi can presumptively be made into a valuable protein supplement for animal feed. With further refinement, and subject to toxicity tests, they can also be consumed by man.

Honolulu—In anticipation of the deep-sea mining of manganese nodules, the U.S. National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration has begun efforts to determine the environmental consequences. About 850 miles southeast of here, a team of scientists has been gathering data on the sediment overlaying the nodules and the water column above it. The information gained and the experiments conducted will provide baselines for later monitoring of prototype mining operations.

San José, Costa Rica—Contracts have been signed with a consortium of Italian engineering firms to build a 48-inch pipeline across this narrow but rugged country. The trans-isthmus line will transport crude oil and petroleum products shipped from Alaska, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Peru a distance of 93 miles from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The $400 million project, financed largely by Central American investors, must include the construction of ports at each end of the line. Crossing mountains of up to 7,500 feet, the pipeline will have a capacity of 80 million tons a year.

San Diego—The bus company here used to charge 35 cents a ride and 10 cents for a transfer. After reducing the price to 25 cents with free transfers and offering a $10 monthly ticket for unlimited rides, business increased 78.6 percent.

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by Leo Rosten

How I Met Evelyn Waugh (Part II)

(In our last issue, Leo Rosten described the circumstances under which Evelyn Waugh and his wife accepted an invitation to tea with the Rostens at their flat in London. The memoir concludes now.)

He might have stepped out of Trollope. He was pudgy, moon-faced, pink-cheeked, his skin very clear and shiny, a roly-poly figure in a countryman's heavy tweed suit and waistcoat. It was his eyes that arrested me: small, set far apart in that fair, moony globe, intensely blue; and they glittered. Those eyes glittered from the moment Waugh came in until the moment he left. Their glittering, indeed, bore no relation to his conversation.

He looked like a cherub—a satanic cherub, if you will forgive the oxymoron. He was amiable, impish, vaguely sardonic. He could have been typecast in Hollywood as a pubkeeper. ("Lucifer's Lollipop" was the pub name that ran through my head.)

I suppose that when we meet a famous man, we automatically try to match his appearance with his work. When I first met Robert Maynard Hutchins, I smiled, remembering his "I get all my physical exercise by walking in the funeral corteges of my athletic friends." When I met Bertrand Russell, I could not help recalling his "It is said that man is a rational animal: all my life I have been searching for evidence to support this."

The line that leaped into my mind when I beheld Evelyn Waugh was from *Decline and Fall*: " 'This is my daughter,' said the Bishop with some disgust." It still strikes me as one of the most mordant lines in English.

Mrs. Waugh was pretty, pleasant, an adoring mate. She sat very close to Waugh (who never unfolded his hands over his ample paunch). She beamed upon his every word. His every word . . . well, I trust you will believe what those words were. Here is the gist of our conversation:

ROSTEN: I'm so glad to meet you, after years of reading your——

WAUGH: Why do you wear a double-breasted blazer?

ROSTEN: I beg your pardon.

WAUGH: Is that what they're wearing in the States? (Indicating my jacket) *Double-breasted* blazers?

ROSTEN: Y-yes. I bought it in New York. Mr. Waugh, how did you come to write——

WAUGH (to Mrs. Waugh): Did you hear that? Mr. Rosten bought that *double-breasted* blazer in New York.

MRS. WAUGH: Yes, dear.

ROSTEN: Mr. Waugh, I've always wondered——

WAUGH: What do you call those shoes?

ROSTEN (noticing his own shoes): Uh —they're moccasins—I mean, the U-shaped stitching, on top, is modeled after moccasins. . . . Did you write——

WAUGH: *Indian* moccasins?

ROSTEN: Yes. When I read your *Put Out More Flags*——

WAUGH: Extraordinary. (To Mrs. Waugh) Do notice Mr. Rosten's shoes. They're *moccasins.*

MRS. WAUGH: How interesting.

ROSTEN: Was your character in——

WAUGH: *Must* they have such heavy soles?

ROSTEN (noticing soles): I suppose so. . . . In *Vile Bodies*——

WAUGH: Do you find them comfortable?

ROSTEN: Oh, very. That's why I wear them.

WAUGH (transfixing me with a glitter): I daresay.

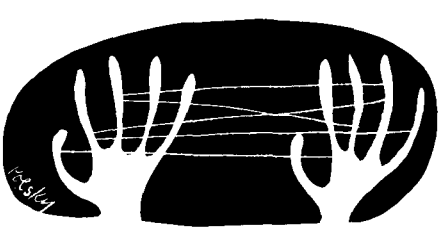
Followed an agonizing silence. My wife poured tea and produced bright small talk. She ran dry. Waugh said nothing. Mrs. Waugh beamed. I swallowed hard:

ROSTEN: I really must tell you how much I admire your work. When I read *Decline and Fall*, at college——

WAUGH: Are you that young?

ROSTEN: What? Oh. . . . As for *A Handful of Dust* . . . ! Were you ever in South America?

WAUGH: Mmh.



ROSTEN: How did you happen to get there?

WAUGH: Ship.

ROSTEN (gulping): And to Guiana?

WAUGH: Walked.

But I cannot bear to go on. It is all still vaguely unreal. Waugh seemed perfectly content to sit there, a florid Humpty Dumpty plumped on a too-small chair, those blue, blue eyes glittering at me, his pixie eyebrows executing a silent dialogue—not with me, but with whatever satirical selves were bubbling within him.

He almost never responded directly to anything my wife or I asked, but peppered me with unsettling questions. I do not know whether he was bored or irritated, mocking me or himself, loathing the *mise-en-scène,* or parodying the institution of tea. When in doubt, he would shoot another amused look at either my blazer or my shoes. They seemed to hypnotize him. . . . I thought the meeting a disaster.

After the Waughs had left, my wife said she was sure that Waugh was agonizingly shy. I was bewildered; never before had I encountered someone so difficult to talk to and so determined to make it more difficult.

Perhaps Waugh, whenever he first met someone, employed the one-upmanship of unexpected and unnerving questions—one after another—either to throw the stranger for a loop or to ward off the possibility of questions one might want to ask him.

Several weeks later, in New York, I received a delightful, warm note from Waugh, out of the blue, about an article I had published on Copernicus: "How I envy you . . . your versatility. You must have the devil in you."

I replied as undiabolically as I could. He answered in a charming note, mentioning, not as casually as he tried to seem, *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*: "You may find it of interest.—E.W."

I got the book at once, of course, and read it in one sitting. It was harrowing. It is the story of a man having a nervous breakdown.

P.S. Recently, a tutor at Oxford was asked whether he had ever known Evelyn Waugh. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "he was a friend. At one party, he bit me on the ankle." □

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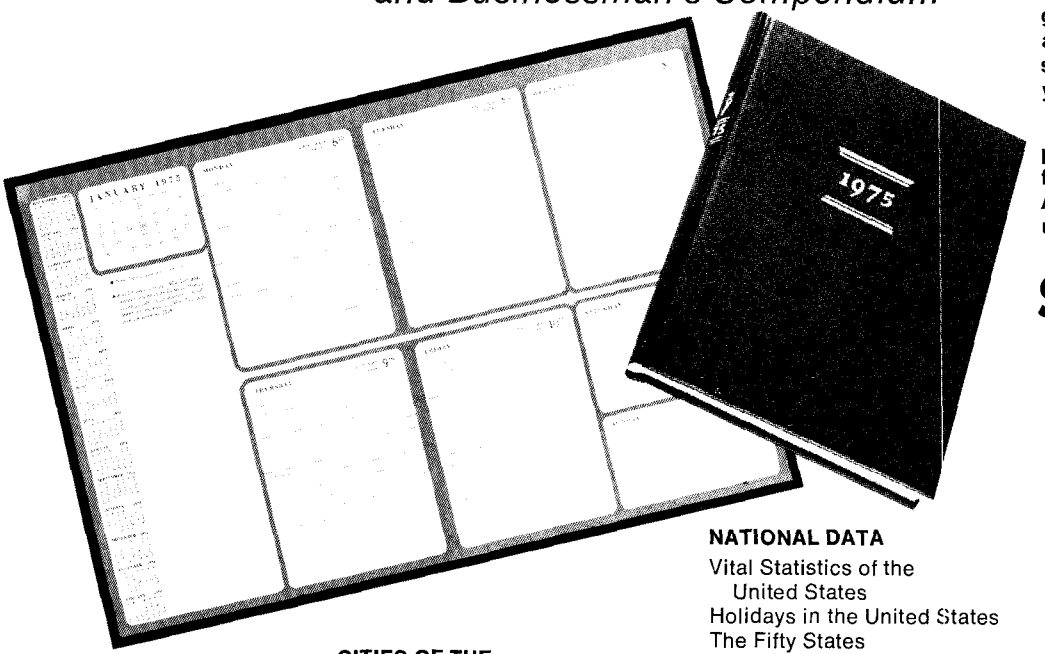

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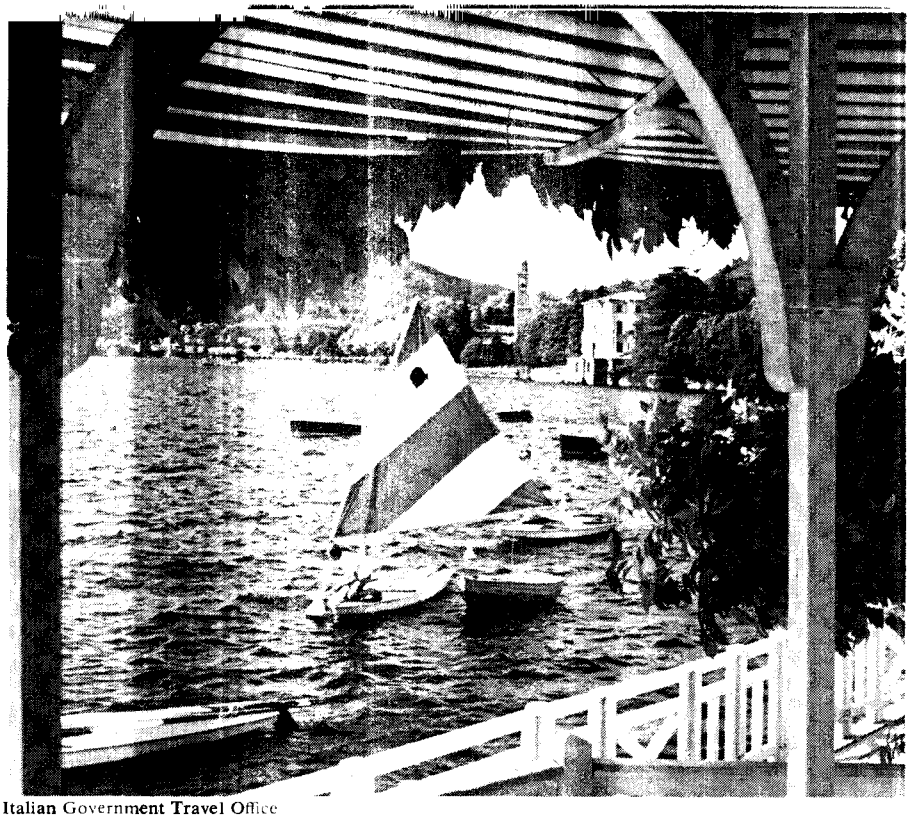
Silky Days in Lombardy

by Horace Sutton



Italian Government Travel Office

Adrift near the floating pool, Villa d'Este—literati, society, ecclesiastic royalty.

The sea, when you walk the fringe of its sandy shore in the wane of the day, can wash away a tangle of cares as patient hands can in a trice smooth a snarl of knots into a length of string. But the lakes have other ways. They are not as large as seas which, with their sense of infiniteness, can shrink any problem the way the cosmic view can diminish a monumental dilemma into nothingness. Lakes, if they are not small seas like Lake Erie, can be intimate and secluded, and have a way of telling you that they belong only to you even if you know you share them with a thousand others, unnumbered, uncounted, and unknown. In that way they fill the soul with a sort of private solace that is special and intimate and is as much a palliative to the tired frame as the great combers that unroll from some vast and trackless sea.

That's the way it was for a week this summer as I let some August days flutter from the calendar on the shores of Lake Como in northern Italy. I can't say it was an altogether novel choice of locales, for Franz Liszt was encamped here at Bellagio at a point where two arms of the lake form the broad ribbon that reaches northward toward Switzerland. The house where he spent much of 1837 with the Countess d'Agoult still stands in Bellagio, a popular nest of repose to this day, and it was here that their daughter, later to become Cosima Wagner, was born.

Konrad Adenauer used to escape from Bonn and take summer refuge in a large villa high above the lake. Thinkers and doers under a Rockefeller grant enlist for rest and rehabilitation in a retreat that the Rockefeller Foundation owns in Bellagio. Once the manor house of Ella Holbrook-Walker, the Hiram Walker heiress who had married an Italian prince, the estate passed to the foundation as a grant. The contract willing the house to the Rockefeller Foundation was signed by Dean Rusk, then its president, and the donor, according to the local tale, died the next day.

Great effort is made not to disturb the eight or nine scholars, writers, and composers who are in residence at one time, but regular tours of the grounds of the Villa Serbelloni, as the Bellagio center was originally known, are open to the public. The 50 acres of park that surround the villa have been ordained a national monument. As for history, the ruins of a 1000-year-old Lombard fortress are also on view. The identity of scholars in residence at the center is a Rockefeller secret, but President Kennedy was an overnight guest here in the last year of his life.

The shores of Como rise to become steep slopes, making the lakeland almost a fjord. Villages are inlaid into slopes, and with binoculars one can search out the grand houses that have been perched in lofty seclusion on the ridgeline. But most of the villas are strung along the shore, and a motorboat ride on a sun-swept morning will take a visitor skimming past scores of country homes stately with cypresses, shaded with leafy magnolias, carpeted with a patch of lawn. Many have pools set alongside the lake, and all have a locked enclosure at the lake level for the family boat.

For the merchants of Milan, the lake is only 40 minutes away. As much goes for the visitors from other countries who land with ease at Milan's two airports—Linate for local flights and Malpensa for overseas. Alitalia's 747 makes the overnight jump from J.F.K. to Milan nonstop every day. In summer the flights continue on to Palermo. Tourist class then is often an amiable mix of tourists and Sicilians in dark hats, dark shawls, faces seared by sun and lined by toil. Caviar is back on first class, but the upstairs lounge has given way to 16 extra tourist-class seats, and if you can wangle one of those, you've got your own compact parlor with its private washroom in the corner.

Como, the commercial center, anchors the southern end of the lake, only 30 miles from Milan. Its streets follow the lines of the original Roman settlement that encamped here, a convenient crossroads with access not only to the lake but also to the mountain passes that lead north through the Alps. It is only a four-hour drive to St. Moritz, or, more pleasantly perhaps, one could take the boat to Menaggio, up lake, and drive from there.

There are no Roman ruins in Como, but fanciers of old stone can make do with the cathedral, which was begun late in the fourteenth century and finally finished in the eighteenth. Pliny the Elder and his nephew, Pliny the Younger, native sons of Como, sit as sentinels before the church. Inside the chill cavern of the cathedral the memorial of Tolomeo Gallio, son of a wealthy merchant family, who became a cardinal at 38, reposes in the gloom. The setting scarcely befits his lively life on earth.

Rising to become secretary of state of the Vatican and dean of the Sacred College, the cardinal, along with his en-

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riched brothers, bought a broken-down convent from the bishop of Como and there built a splendid estate filled with gardens and statuary. Using a giant plane tree as a centerpiece, they planted rare trees and shrubs on the hillside that rose behind the manor. There Cardinal Gallio held court, bringing together the artists and writers, diplomats, and dignitaries of the church in an elegant setting by the lake.

After his death, the Gallio estate at Cernobbio—forgetting a short interlude as a Jesuit retreat—became the home of the wealthy, the titled, and the dissolute, whose coterie of friends traveled by boat from Como for the elaborate parties that exploded in fireworks and champagne. One wealthy widow, a quondam ballerina, who inherited the estate from her aged spouse, took a new husband, a Napoleonic general. When the young general returned from the campaigns, his wife, now the Countess Pino, built him a string of fortifications on the hillside above the villa. There he played war games with the cadets from a military academy in Milan, a prelude to an elegant reception by the shores of Como.

Caroline of Brunswick, queen of George IV (though never crowned), lived at the villa during years of separation from her husband, and later, so did Maria Feodorovna, czarina of all the Russias, widow of Nicholas II. At last the elaborate estate of Cardinal Gallio became the Hotel Villa d'Este, which it remains today, one of the most elegant of the world's gracious inns.

On warm days waiters in boat-neck shirts serve an al fresco lunch under the cardinal's plane tree, now 500 years old. Beneath the leafy boughs where ecclesiastic royalty, the literati, and the social figures once gathered, guests from a scattering of countries are served *bucatini* salad—cold spaghetti with olives and capers; *mozzarella pomodoro* —alternative slices of cheese and tomatoes, with basil, oil, and pepper; and *cotoletta Milanese*, a giant breaded veal chop dished up cold.

For exercise one can climb the fortifications that still exist on the hillside, handed down from the Countess Pino so long ago. From the parapets the lake is a great silver expanse, and Como smoky in the distance. Down below, the balls are bouncing on the red-clay courts, and the swimmers are playing aqua volleyball in the huge floating pool, which is moored like a great pleasure launch to the lakeside terrace.

In the evening piano music tinkles in the Canova Room, still decorated with the statue of Venus crowned by Eros, placed there by Princess Caroline. The discotheque, placed off in the adjoining building, is from newer times, and so is the discreet nightclub.

This kind of high life by the lakeside, with service in style of an age that is now eroding into history, demands a ducal dowry, though not a price that is any higher than those charged by the palmy resorts of the West Indies in winter. A room for one at Villa d'Este will relieve a guest of $40 a day without a nibble to nosh; a double without meals, $60 for two. Full board for two, with tennis and golf included, to say nothing of the lakeside setting, the Pino fortifications, and artifacts left by Caroline of Brunswick, will be $120 all in. Until this season, half the clientele had been Americans staying two or three days in the course of a romp about the Continent. This year the Americans were fewer, with the slack made up by Germans, French, and Italians themselves, who were finding prices in nearby Switzerland dissuasive.

THE LAKESIDE LIFE, without the patina of service or setting, can be endured for considerably less. One has only to invade the tiny old fisherman's town of Cernobbio, a few minutes walk from the gates of Villa d'Este, to find another sort of haven. Cars have been swept from the village square. There are only the fountains, the plane trees strung in a neat double border, the old church tower still clanking out the hours, and the tiny snug harbor with its sailboats and its wizened boatmen eager to take visitors on an exploration of the lake.

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which looks as if it had been lifted from a scene of *Death in Venice*, still greets the little steamers in from Como and Bellagio. The swimming pool here is public—75 cents for adults, 50 cents for kids. Drinks and pizzas are dispensed from a kiosk nearby.

The modest Miralgo Hotel is not exactly the Villa d'Este, but a dozen of its 35 rooms have their own bath, and the daily extraction is $11 per person, three meals included. The day I stopped by, lunch was prosciutto and melon, *osso buco,* and ice cream; the dinner card listed *tortellini in brodo,* grilled chicken, and ice cream. It was filled to the rafters with Germans, Dutch, and English, munching industriously.

For a fancy night out, one had only to walk a few steps to Harry's Bar, which has six tables and a piano bar and serves a 10-dollar dinner: steak or veal, macaroni, wine and coffee. Up the block the Terzo Crotto dragged a star out of Michelin, not notably generous with bestowing constellations in Italy, but that honor gave the management delusions of grandeur, and the place was closed at the height of the tourist season, so I can offer no first-hand report.

The silk buyers who come to Como, still a major silk-finishing center, stay at the Villa Olga when Villa d'Este is closed. Seasonal travelers often journey up lake on excursions to the waterside restaurants and as well to stay in the hotels at Tremezzo, Menaggio, and Bellagio. The 60-year-old Grand Hotel Tremezzo, which rises high above the lake and has cornered the market on plastic-covered lobby furniture, has doubtless seen grander days, but it will put up a couple for $45 a day, all meals and the pesky "value added" tax included, a price and a style that attracts a large British clientele.

A FERRY CROSSES the water to Bellagio, which some poetic peregrinator has called the Pearl of the Lake. The town is a sunny kraal of narrow, winding streets and lovely little squares (unfortunately, jammed with cars). Calves' heads peer sightlessly from the window of butcher shops, a sixteenth-century church beams benignly on the summer strollers, and at the Ristorante Bilacus, with its flowered terrace, or the Trattoria San Giacomo on the long stairway down to the waterfront, one can eat robustly on the tourist menu for 2,900 lire, or about $4.50. Tiny hotels—Locanda Europa is one—will do even better. Soup, roast veal, cheese, or fruit is 2,500 lire, or $3.85. The lakefront is lined with shops hidden under shaded arcades and cafés with tables spread in the full sun. Ultimately there is the Grand Hotel Villa Serbelloni, 101 years old this year but still getting splendid marks from Michelin. It is, withal, several cuts below the Villa d'Este, but then so is the price: about $75 for two, with meals in a handsome suite, or $60 in a room on the park side.

Moving about is simplest by boat. The hydrofoil skims down to Como in half an hour if you're in a hurry, or the steamer makes it at a more leisurely pace. Car ferries bridge the crossing from Bellagio to both shores of the lake, and with that assist St. Moritz is only an hour away. To dine outside the hotels, one might take the boat to Isola Comacino, a speck of an island largely occupied by one restaurant, a rustic pile that serves a set menu of cured ham, lake fish, pan-broiled chicken, and a whole cheese. That bill of fare, as well as the singularity of dining on the only island in Lake Como, once the fortress-home of the King of Lombards, will relieve you of 11 bucks or their equivalent in the local tender.

The menu is more imaginative across the water at Ristorante Le Tout Paris, where in the good weather one dines on the pebbled terrace under the magnolia tree. Here the kitchen has French pretensions—*diablotins à la homard,* for one thing; and the price is more varied, too—from $6 to $9.50.

In the way of nighttime exercises that leaves the curiosity of Campione to cap the evening. A piece of Italy totally inside Switzerland—it borders Lake Lugano—Campione lies in the nether regions between two nations, a position that seems to award it the privilege of operating a gambling casino. It does that with zest and also with considerable pretension. Men wear ties to the gaming tables or take up the matter with the bouncer. The restaurant is run by the same Prantera management that operates the satiny Hostaria dell' Orso in Rome and Helio Cabala in the Roman suburbs. The play at the tables is in Italian, but the Swiss are responsible for the telephone and the postal service. Considering the mail problem in Italy—they were selling undelivered mail as waste paper the other day—Campione is just as popular with gamblers as it is with people who just want to mail a letter. □

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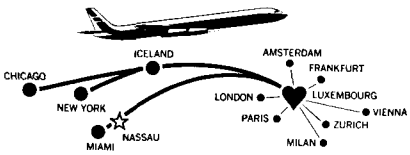

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Fogg Art Museum, Cambridge, Mass.
A Young Woman in Street Costume, ca. 1875.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
Spanish Dance, ca. 1882.

Degas: "The Reluctant Impressionist"

by Katharine Kuh

His face—doubting, serious, aloof—looks out from an 1855 red-chalk *Self-Portrait* made when he was only 21. Already Degas was a formidable technician, able to handle subtle nuances with (for him) tenuous line. If we remember him for nothing else, it must be as the greatest draftsman of the nineteenth century; nor am I overlooking Ingres, whose lucid, limpid drawings exerted a potent influence on the younger artist. Though Degas had earlier studied in Paris with Louis Lamothe, a pupil of Ingres, he met the master only once (in 1855) but was never to forget the encounter. Forty-two years later he made a special pilgrimage to the Ingres museum in Montauban, for the express purpose of studying the drawings there.

Yet Degas was the more complicated, innovative, and profound of the two. Even beyond that, though always a dedicated admirer of the past, he, along with Cézanne, remains the least dated artist of his period. I have long wondered why. Last summer at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, a perceptive exhibition called "Edgar Degas: The Reluctant Impressionist" provided certain clues. This show, from which another artist might have emerged considerably diminished, served Degas admirably. It was not intended as a full-blown survey of outstanding masterpieces, but as a study of his work in a dazzling variety of media, with emphasis less on paintings than on drawings, sculpture, prints, mon-

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otypes, and pastels, many of these from the museum's own extensive holdings. A group of photographs by Degas and several letters from him were also included. There are few artists in history who can approximate such versatility.

The concentration, not on famous milestones, but on day-to-day output, could have proved devastating. With Degas, however, minor works often assume major importance. A small drawing or monotype can reveal as much as or sometimes more than a full-blown composition. This artist surpassed his colleagues (excepting only Cézanne) in staying power and depth of understanding chiefly because of his genius for penetrating observation. Coping with both the outer and inner enigmas of life and always playing one against the other, he was less concerned with his own personal handwriting than with the underlying meaning of gesture, stance, and movement. Technique for him was an adjunct, but what an adjunct! The twist of an arm, the poise of a head, a suspended, understated byplay—these were the visual means by which he exposed the human condition.

His ballet dancers were rarely glamorous, and though he was fascinated by their kinetic control, he was also able to suggest the one-dimensional quality of their lives. He saw them as underfed and overworked, as bony little mechanisms whose contorted postures lent themselves to his particular needs. Degas was never a romantic; he was a prescient forerunner of existentialism, whether or not the leaders of this group accept him as such.

Line was the core of his art, and no one has used it more expressively. His draftsmanship was so accomplished as to preclude any vestige of exhibitionism. For him, drawing was a means to an end, and the end was never a self-conscious investigation of himself. His cool restraint was unusual in nineteenth-century France, where a number of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist artists were already emerging as ardently autobiographical painters.

With dispassionate but probing eyes Degas commented objectively on mankind, focusing less on specific than on generic qualities. Even his early portraits, though faithful likenesses, went beyond the sitter to evoke tentative states of malaise, skepticism, or withdrawal. One need only refer to his superb monotypes of activities at the *Maison Closes* to realize that these explicit scenes were rarely personalized. The more frank the content, the wider the meaning. Degas described the lives of prostitutes with cool precision but at the same time conjured up the empty existence of all weary, waiting, closed-in people. "It is very well," he once said, "to copy what you see; it is much better to draw what you only see in memory . . . you only put down what makes an impression on you, that is to say, the essential."

And here he used the word *impression* loosely, for, though long associated with French Impressionism, he was, as the title of the exhibition indicated, a reluctant member of the group and probably included chiefly because of his independent spirit. In fact, he preferred to be known as an Independent Artist rather than an Impressionist, for his main concern was never with fluctuations of natural light. He was more interested in the mysteries of artificial light, of lamps piercing surrounding darkness, of candles glowing at dusk. He concentrated less on light than on its effects, on the way it transformed the ambience, the mood of a scene.

Nor did he work directly from nature, as was the case with more orthodox Impressionists, for he repudiated formless spontaneity, refusing to be circumscribed

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Three Dancers, ca. 1890—*"Line was the core of his art."*

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by any immediate demands. Never at heart a landscape painter, he was unlike members of the *Pleine Aire* school, whose methods he found too dependent on momentary variations. Yet no other artist, except perhaps Toulouse-Lautrec, has caught fleeting, involuntary movement with greater accuracy. If Degas's methods depended on uncompromising discipline, the results were paradoxical, for his figures give the impression of total spontaneity. And it was this kind of "impression," this kind of ephemeral insight, that admitted him to the "club." Technically, he was not an Impressionist; psychologically, he was.

In the Boston show several of the artist's letters were on view. I especially remember one in which Degas wrote: "Others are fortunate to be ruled by their passions. As for myself, I have no passion." But for him there was passion: his lifelong infatuation with line. Drawing became the vessel through which he filtered all his work—his paintings, sculpture, prints, pastels, and watercolors. As he grew older, he preferred pastels to oil paintings because the former were more obviously related to draftsmanship. Even his late, loose pastels, with their ebullient and somewhat vulgar color (at this time his eyesight was failing), were supported by infallible linear sinews, for by now line had become an instinctual tool.

One thinks of the peerless early drawings that recall Ingres and occasionally Chassériau, of searching portraits curiously related to the daguerreotype, of boldly cut compositions foretelling photographic close-ups; and always one thinks of certain engaging informalities that indicate Degas's indebtedness to Japanese prints, an art, by the way, he not only admired but collected. Later came his totally liberated drawings, where slashing line produced figures as dynamic as the draftsmanship itself. Here realism was compressed into almost abstract notations, the line so powerful it existed as an independent force, taking over both painter and subject.

Degas concentrated on upper-bourgeois nineteenth-century themes: on the opera, the ballet, horses, jockeys and carriages at the races, and also, occasionally, millinery shops. Each subject acted as a specific vehicle for composite visual experiences. Take, for example, the millinery shops, where modish hats of the period were transformed into ambiguous florescent objects that, tilted and magnified, engulfed entire compositions. The artist anticipated present-day thinking by projecting himself into the vision of hypothetical observers, thus producing unexpected perspectives. Hats loom over-large as they emerge from sharply contracted interiors. Ballet dancers, deployed with candid-camera daring, are seen partly obscured by an intervening audience that acts both as an integral part of the composition and as an added source from which the performance on stage is viewed. We see through the eyes of the artist and the eyes of the audience at the same time. It is this acute awareness of the total environment that keeps Degas's work from lapsing into dated episodes. To be sure, his hats were of the period, but the role they played foretold the coming century. Only his early historical paintings allowed the past to obscure the future.

"I'm the one who had to take all that guff from the critics, not you."

The same clairvoyance was true of his sculpture. It paved the way for our present preoccupation with specific settings as both physical and psychological extensions of animate forms, the idea being, of course, that each contributes to the meaning of the other. After all, no object exists in a vacuum. The early pieces, often of horses in action, remained isolated figures and sometimes were used merely as models for paintings. But gradually the sculpture asserted itself. A similar sequence took place with photography. Degas initially investigated it in order to study the secrets of motion, but finally his own skill as a photographer forced him to look on the medium as a valid aesthetic experience. Eventually he turned into a camera buff, hauling equipment around wherever he went and exhausting friends in the process of posing them.

As time progressed, so, too, did his sculpture. Antedating a recent twentieth-century mania for figures fully documented by actual accessories, he created nearly 100 years ago his famous *Fourteen-Year-Old Ballet Dancer*, modeled in tinted wax and only later cast posthumously in bronze. What made this figure a *cause célèbre* in Paris, where it was shown in the 1881 Impressionist exhibition, was not its unceremonious stance or plebeian face, but the real gauze *tutu*, the real satin ballet slippers, the real silk hair ribbon that adorned the dancer. The interaction of simulation and material tangibility was unnerving.

Nor can one forget his sculptures of female bathers lying in water-filled tubs or lounging in capacious armchairs, everything conceived in the *cire perdue* ("lost wax") process. Here, nude figures and inanimate environments joined to act as components in vigorous sculptural groups. Presumably Degas considered any object, no matter how commonplace, as valid source material.

Though his work often seemed rooted in accepted conventions, it was basically revolutionary. Those who think of it as a charming evocation of the nineteenth century or as a pretext for nothing more than the exploration of complex movement should look deeper. This artist concealed advanced discoveries under a seemingly unruffled exterior. He neither moralized, satirized, nor involved himself pro or con; yet he observed life with such intensity and integrity as to make old forms convey new meanings. □

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Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson—"Almost more intimacy than we care to share in."

Bergman on Marriage

by Hollis Alpert

Ingmar Bergman's *Scenes From a Marriage* was conceived as a six-part series for Swedish television, each part an hour in length. Word has it that during the showing of the series most of the Swedish population stayed home to watch. Because television in America is clearly more puritanical than in Sweden, Bergman prepared a version which ran more than four hours, for the more indulgent theater audience here. The plan for release was to show it as two films, but exhibitors rose up in objection. Audiences, they felt, having seen the first, would be unlikely to come back to see the second, because it dealt with the same married couple continuing to have not-unfamiliar marital problems. Bergman then agreed to cut his material to slightly less than three hours, to be shown at one sitting. It is this version that has reached us, and I must admit to not having seen it, deadlines being what they are.

However, I did see the two-part version. It was shown to me privately by an excited publicist, who didn't realize at the time that he was jumping the gun; and it was a long sit, relieved somewhat by a sandwich after the first two hours. Since then, I've read the entire six-hour script, which Pantheon is publishing here in book form, in a very readable translation by Alan Blair. I mention all this so that it will be perfectly clear just what I am reporting on.

One expects the unexpected from Bergman. Here we have something of a hybrid, a well and lucidly written television play, filmed in a spare, economical, and thoroughly professional style. The subject is seemingly the banal one of middle-class marriage, and the concentration is almost entirely on the two partners who have reached the 10-year milestone in their union. The six "scenes" follow the couple over the next 10 years, during which infidelity occurs, the marriage disintegrates, separation and then divorce results, and finally the film ends in an ironic reunion of sorts. In the introduction to the book, Bergman states that he couldn't find satisfactory solutions to the dilemmas of the couple; so he provides no happy ending, although he would have liked to, "if for no other reason, to annoy all artistically sensitive people."

JUST WHY THAT TOUCH of waspishness, I don't know, because it's the artistically sensitive people who have been supporting him all along. But perhaps he is, in a way, apologizing for treating what might appear to be so mundane a subject. And so mundane are his people that his story begins with a magazine writer interviewing the couple for an article on what appears to be a settled and nearly perfect marriage. Johan, the husband, describes himself, with intentional bravado, as "extremely intelligent, successful, youthful, well-balanced . . . sexy, cultivated, well-read, and popular." He is a professor at the Psychotechnical Institute. His wife, Marianne, a divorce lawyer, doesn't say so, but she is beautiful, sexy, extremely intelligent, popular, well-read, and successful. In fact, she is no one less than Liv Ullmann. And during the next several hours, Bergman makes it his purpose to reveal what underlies the facade of that "women's magazine" marriage.

What he shows us is a kind of pleasant, well-mannered inferno, in which two people—bound to each other by law, children, a shared city apartment and country home, familiarity, affection, and love—struggle within and against the relationship called marriage, seeking, without always knowing what they're seeking, some bedrock of reality that will allow them their individuality and the satisfaction of their needs. It is only one case. Bergman is not attempting a total sum-up of the meaning of marriage. He makes it plain that he is dealing with comfortable, middle-class people. He probes into that marriage, pokes at it, even drills like a dentist looking for rot, infection, and decay. And he finds it. There is almost more intimacy than we care to share in. Early on, we meet another married couple, who embarrass Marianne and Johan with a poisonously bitter flare-up during an evening together. But it isn't too long before our couple are spitting out the poison in their own relationship. And we are embarrassed, too, for Marianne and Johan.

AS A FILM it's heavy with talk rather than dialogue. Marianne and Johan are constantly trying to understand themselves at great and wordy length. But behind the words are Bergman's sympathy and affection for the couple. He seems to be on Marianne's side more than on Johan's. He finds Johan egotistic and a bit of a prig, too much wrapped up in himself. But for all the clarity with which the couple express themselves, there is no clear line in their drama. This marriage is a muddle, perhaps made so by unrealistic expectations, social and family pressures, more liberal attitudes toward sexual expression. It's a modern Swedish marriage, Bergman-style, but it surely has some general application, Bergman being one of those artistically sensitive people himself. At under three hours the unraveling of the marriage may be a little easier to take.

Although a few other characters come briefly into the scenes, it is basically a two-character story, played superbly by Miss Ullmann and Erland Josephson, both of whom are at pains to bring out every nuance in Bergman's script. Hybrid it may be, but it is an undertaking accomplished with rare polish. □

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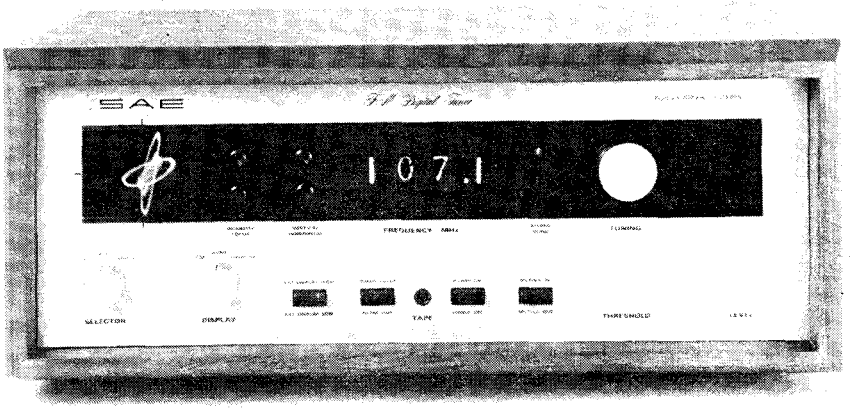

SAE's FM Digital Tuner—An oscilloscope for automatic tuning.

Decibel, Dolby, and Other Recording dBs

by Irving Kolodin

The universal symbol for decibel, the unit of measurement for sound, recorded and otherwise, is dB. It is also a convenient designation for Dolby "B," the consumer version of the noise-suppressing circuit invented by Raymond Dolby, the California-born engineer presently living and working in England. Now there is the dbx noise-reduction system, which wins its "letters" legitimately as the initials of David Blackmer, president of dbx Incorporated.

The objectives of dbx Inc. are all laudable—if they can be realized. All that is required to bring them about is that record-manufacturers worldwide adapt the dbx system of encoding its disks, and that receiver-builders provide the decoding circuits (or that the consumer acquire such a decoding unit separately). What is the gain to the music buff from all this? Greater dynamic range from his recordings—which is to say, louder louds and softer softs—and suppression of unwanted noise (surface and otherwise) to a degree not presently available.

At a recent demonstration in a New York sound studio before several dozen writers on audio matters, the ears were alternately bruised and soothed by dbx disk-encoded items from the Stan Kenton repertory, the world of rock, and a solo harp. Kenton and the rock group had the loudest louds; the harp solo (produced by Klavier records), the softest softs. Demonstration impressions are notoriously unreliable: the surroundings are unfamiliar, the equipment, in amplifiers and speakers, wildly beyond any usual consumer setup, the cards (not unreasonably) stacked to the advantage of the demonstrator.

With all these factors added in or cancelled out, my attention was nevertheless magnetized to the sound of the solo harp. It had a fine metallic ping to the plucked strings (and no pong, thank you); a glistening spray of sonority in arpeggios; and a glossy finish in even the most delicately pedaled detail. It was, indeed, noiseless—a sound sensation suspended in air. I would like to have that experience in my living room—if only to determine what the encoded disk would sound like after half a dozen plays with a Dual turntable, Lafayette receiver-amplifier, and Bose speakers.

I would not like to have in my living room, or in one within a quarter of a mile of it, the Stan Kenton or the rock item. It is standard procedure at demonstrations for auditors not to flinch at the loudest louds or strain to hear the softest softs. It is part of audio gamesmanship: show me, but I won't show you. I did, however, engage Mr. D. B. himself in a philosophic discussion of the purposes of sound reproduction in the home. Was it not to create the most creditable *illusion* of a great symphony orchestra or a driving jazz band, consistent with the surroundings and a consideration for neighborly convenience, rather than to imprison an actuality within four confining walls? I am sure that Mr. Blackmer's crisply articulated answer was "To hell with the neighbors." I'm sure he didn't mean *his* neighbors; he meant *my* neighbors.

While waiting for the world to beat a path to the door of dbx encode-decode, I was interested to learn that dbx also produces a unit (the dbx 117) that, without respect to encoding or decoding, promises to restore "up to 20 dB of the dynamic range missing from records, tapes, and FM broadcasts. Works with all separate component playback systems and with all receivers having tape input and output connections. Permits the recordist to make fully dynamic range, professionally noise-free tapes with any moderately priced reel-to-reel, cassette, or cartridge recorder." I haven't experimented with the "record" function, but I have with the "reproduce" aspect. I sense a small, audible degree of difference with the unit plugged in: but I haven't yet found it of sufficient effect to warrant the cost ($159).

The basic fact is that David Blackmer and I are in essential agreement that there is, in the present production of records, something to be desired. According to the company literature: "dbx encoding eliminates the chief limitation which prevents conventional records from duplicating the quality of music performed live, namely, that ordinary disks are limited to a dynamic range of some 60 dB; whereas, music in concert performance may well have in excess of 100 dB dynamic range. The dbx process compresses the dynamic range of the music to a 'dynamic range envelope' which fits conveniently within the inherent limitations of the record medium, then expands the music to its full original dynamics at the point of playback."

My contention is that what prevents conventional records from conveying the quality of music performed live is not insufficient dynamic range, but all too much editing, mixing, channel-hopping, and engineering intrusion between the performers and the listener. Especially in the reproduction of orchestral music and operatic performance, the result that reaches the ear may have more to do with dial twisting, level raising and lowering, balance changing, etc., than with the wishes of the conductor as the music was performed in the studio.

For those whose vision of a recording session relates to "a" microphone (or two or three for stereo purposes) suspended high above the performers: forget it. The mikes are multiple, the number depending on the theories and practices of the company producing the disk and the producer-engineers running the session. Certainly each section is covered by a mike, feeding its channel to tape. When the session is wrapped up, the real work

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of "producing" a recording begins: editing (the best "takes"); mixing (combining the products of the individual channels); and mastering (converting the tape into a metal plate from which will be derived the pressed record).

At every turn, there are options, exercises of judgment, alternatives of action. Were you to compare the records pressed by American Columbia (of the five Beethoven concerti performed by pianist Emil Gilels with the Cleveland Orchestra conducted by George Szell) with the subsequent Angel records derived from the same tape, you would find distinct differences in bass, highs, and balance because one company's processing theories are at variance with another's. (Gilels was at that time under contract to Angel but wanted to make the concerti with Szell. Angel agreed to a loan, with the privilege of using the tape for its own release subsequently.)

Even a company ordinarily as reliable as London (which makes excellent Solti disks in London and excellent Solti disks in Vienna) may go astray in such circumstances, as prevailed with its current version of Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette* directed by Zubin Mehta and also recorded in Vienna. It is, to begin with, a tense, highly strung concept that Mehta has to offer. But when the dramatic climax of "Roméo seul" is reached and the three trombones blast out their line with little audible presence of the string and woodwind writing in the score—I have to conclude that this is some technician's idea of how to win a Grammy for this year's loudest record rather than a level-best try at doing justice to Berlioz.

What to do? There has been talk in some concerned circles of going back to "direct" recording: that is to say, recording on large platters (as was done in pre-tape times), with which there can be no editing, mixing, or other tampering. One company in California has made such disks of solo performances, and they are reputed to be excellent. This strikes me as an extreme measure, like outlawing frozen food because it may spoil if improperly stored.

Magnetic tape, like atomic power, is a powerfully useful product of contemporary technology: both are subject to abuse, with historically fatal consequences. I would suggest a moratorium on the misuse of tape and a restoration of perspective on what recorded music is all about. I'd be happy with "a dynamic range envelope," with which not only I, but also the fellow next door, can live. □

Fall Fashions in Audio

by Ivan Berger

After a year's absence, the long-established fall custom of demonstrating fashions in audio will return to the East Coast this year with a showing in the New York Statler-Hilton Hotel beginning on October 3 and extending through October 6. It will be followed by another in Boston on November 1, 2, and 3, in which many of the same exhibitors will participate. An American who recently returned from a trip to Australia observed that he had found a real touch of home in far-western Perth, whose audio show turned up many of the same names and the same exhibitions known worldwide. The conclusion is inescapable.

Audio shows are, universally, conducive to clashing crosscurrents of sound, as individual manufacturers strive to make their products heard over the din. This may make these, or any other, audio shows terrible places in which to hear music-reproducing equipment, but they are still the best of all possible places in which to see, feel, fondle, and ask questions about it.

Among amplifiers, the Dyna, Sony, and Infinity offerings seem to be among the most interesting. Dyna's Stereo 400 is the only high-power amplifier available in kit form, and Dyna is introducing a preamplifier kit whose power and speaker-switching can handle the Stereo 400's demands. The preamplifier's other features include: redesigned phono-preamplifier and tone-control circuits; monitoring and dubbing for two tape recorders; and a circuit for an external quadraphonic decoder, equalizer, or noise-reducer.

Sony may show its new TA-8650 amplifier, not previously displayed in public here (though I saw the amplifier at the Osaka hi-fi show last May). The TA-8650 uses field-effect transistor (FET) outputs, rather than conventional bipolar transistors, for lower distortion. The difficulty is that Yamaha—makers of hi-fi equipment as well as musical instruments, transistors, and motorcycles—claims that this device infringes on some of their patent and licensing agreements. Nonetheless, FET amplifiers were shown by JVC, Pioneer, Sony, and Toshiba at Osaka and by Kenwood at this summer's Consumer Electronics trade show in Chicago, as well as by Yamaha at both.

Infinity's offering, the first Class-D "switching" amplifier for the home, is even more of a departure. It divides its signal into pulses one half-millionth of a second long, thus preventing heat buildup and allowing construction of a very compact amplifier (17 inches wide, 11 inches deep—and just 3 inches high) that nonetheless produces 250 watts per channel.

Amplifier-power specifications will be easier to compare at this year's show than they've been in 20 years; new Federal Trade Commission (and New York City) regulations have relegated the peak, "music-power," and single-frequency power ratings of past years to the fine print where they belong. Advertised power must now be continuous (RMS, for short), measured under rigorous—and rigorously specified—conditions.

H. H. Scott and Kenwood will show tuners with crystal-controlled oscillators for better performance and increased tuning accuracy. With this increased precision, Kenwood is able to calibrate its 700-T tuners to each of the 100 FM channels rather than the usual vicinity-of-the-station position. Scott's new model will show the station that it's tuned to in illuminated digits (for example, 98.3), a feature it was among the first to offer, with signal-seeking automatic tuning, and a system that tunes in a desired station when fed a corresponding plastic card. SAE will show two digital tuners: one with an oscilloscope that can be switched to display either the FM input signal for tuning and antenna alignment or an audio signal. The scope automatically switches to the tuning mode as long as anyone's hand is on the tuning knob.

Magnavox, making its strongest bid ever for the component market, will show receivers featuring Automatic Stereo Noise Cancellation circuits, which automatically blend together the high frequencies on weak stereo signals to cancel noise without eliminating the

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Ivan Berger, a longtime contributor to SR, *is also electronics editor of* Popular Mechanics.

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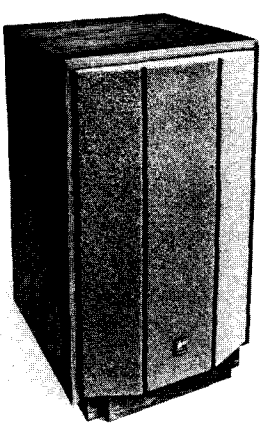

stereo effect, just as the "Hi-Blend" switch found on so many other receivers does manually.

Speakers, which had been becoming less and less efficient, are now tending to be more efficient again. Concord, Rectilinear, and British Industries are among those in the vanguard here, and the latter company's BIC Venturi speakers stress the point. Paradoxically, within each line the most efficient speakers are likely to be the biggest, most expensive models—the ones least likely to be used with the low-power, inexpensive amplifiers that need high-speaker efficiency most. In other words, to get the best results from inexpensive amplifiers buy the best speaker you can afford.

Acoustic Research has upgraded the AR-3a with new midrange and tweeter units and an equalizer (behind a hinged front panel) to match the speaker's response to its place in the listening area. The result is a distinct improvement on a speaker that was excellent to start with.

Two former AR executives, Roy Allison (formerly AR's chief engineer) and Sumner Bennett, have just founded Allison Acoustics, which will make its debut with two new speakers, wedge-shaped to minimize the effects of room boundaries on their response. Such new shapes are becoming more and more common, as speaker designers rethink the conventional box enclosure. Sometimes the change is cosmetic, as with the overhanging grilles that add visual interest to Altec's Stonehenge speakers. Other times the change is functional, as with Bose's 901s (now with new grilles and equalizers) or the Dahlquist "Phased Array," introduced at the latest New York show. The Dahlquist looks a bit like the Quad electrostatic but is actually a dynamic system with midrange and tweeter drivers radiating as dipoles (that is, from both front and back) from individual baffles of carefully selected size, to control sound diffraction. The baffles are also staggered so that all frequencies will originate from the same plane. A new version, under $200, the DQ-6, will join the earlier DQ-10.

CBS's Electro-Music division, makers of the Leslie speakers, also believes in dipoles. Their new DVX models mount dipole midrange and tweeter units on a board, shaped like a roller-skate key, which can be rotated within a wasp-waisted enclosure; a more conventional-looking box, however, is also available. Also shown will be the Leslie Plus 2, which rotates the sound more actively, with a motorized rotor claimed to eliminate "standing waves," which cause sound variations within a room, and to increase dispersion.

In tape recording much of the news is in cassettes: even Dual will have an auto-reversing, Dolby-equipped deck. Nakamichi will add a two-head deck and a professional two-head portable to their well-known three-head models. And recognizing the difficulties with which top-loading cassette decks can be squeezed into shelf-mounted stereo systems, Concord, Pioneer, and Technics will offer front-loading models that can be stacked up with other components; others, from Kenwood and Sony, might also be shown.

REEL-TO-REEL TAPE is booming, too, but mostly in models for the serious recordist, such as those with 10½-inch-reel capacity from Dokorder, Ferrograph (Elpa), Technics, Pioneer, Teac, and others. Teac even has a four-channel model with a built-in eight-channel mixer that features simul-sync overdubbing and a single, master gain control.

The four-channel scene is quieter than would have been predicted a few years ago. There will be a generous scattering of four-channel receivers and amplifiers, most equipped for both SQ and QS (or RM) matrix records and many equipped for CD-4 "discrete" disks as well. Pickering, Stanton, and Empire will show CD-4 cartridges, but Shure won't.

Dual and Glenburn have built low-capacity wiring, required for CD-4, into their newest turntables, and Dual has now calibrated its anti-skating controls for CD-4 styli, as well as round and elliptical ones. Dual's direct-drive 701 single-play model has now been joined by a belt-drive single-play, the 601. Garrard (now distributed by Plessey, their parent company) also uses belt drive for its single-play models, one of which features a "zero-tracking-error" arm shared with two of Garrard's multiple-play automatics. British Industries, formerly Garrard's distributor, now has its own belt-drive turntables, the multiple-play BIC Programmed series, one of which has electronic speed control and both of which have ultra-low profiles (thin, flat, a mere two inches in height).

But the Institute of High Fidelity, which runs the hi-fi show, has no intention of maintaining a low profile. As in past years, the show should be a crowded one, well worth a look—and a bit of a listen. □

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How Real Is Our Reality?

I am haunted by one of the experiments described in Roger Lewin's article, "Observing the Brain Through a Cat's Eyes," on page 54. Two groups of kittens are trained in separate, carefully controlled environments. One group can perceive only horizontal lines while the other sees only vertical. When both groups move out into the real world, we are treated to the disquieting spectacle of two sets of intelligent animals, both of the same species (they could even be siblings), both perfectly normal (within the definition of their upbringing); each sharing the same reality, yet experiencing that reality in a radically different manner—each, in fact, quite blind to important segments of the other's universe.

One can easily imagine a society where the horizontal-oriented cats were in the overwhelming majority and in unequivocal political ascendancy. Their view of the world would of course represent the norm. Those few cats who perceived vertically would be "hallucinating." They might be adjudged insane and put away in the crazy-cage. Verticality might even be considered subversive or heretical.

"What is reality?" is a question as old as philosophy. Even ancient sages understood, long before scientific insight made it explicitly clear, that our reality is closely related to our biology (especially to our neurobiology), to the ways in which we perceive.

Suppose 10 of us are in a room, and I take a dose of LSD. In a short time I will be seeing and sensing all kinds of bizarre and distorted visions—all very real to me. But inasmuch as your view of the world remains unchanged, I am hallucinating. The electrochemistry of my brain cells and fluids has been scrambled in such a way as to distort all my "normal" perceptions. But suppose it were possible to scramble the brains of all 10 of us simultaneously in precisely the same detailed manner, so that we were all hallucinating together. Might our hallucinations then be identified as real—especially if we didn't suspect that our brains had been meddled with?

Through the centuries philosophers have grappled with the problem of a reality we can count on—the "something-I-know-not-what" that John Locke was sure must underlie our perceptions. Or could reality be, as Bishop Berkeley argued, merely an idea in the mind of God? If a hypnotist can put 10 people into a trance simultaneously and suggest to them an event—thus making it real for them, even though we "know" it "didn't really happen"—why couldn't an omnipotent mind, if one existed, similarly impose its own reality on the minds of a whole population or of a whole species?

We do of course realize, even if only by analogy, that perception has limits. We know that the mole and the dragonfly see a different world from the one we see. (They may not see at all, in the strict human sense.) We know, too, that reality exists beyond the reach of our senses—sound waves past the threshold of our audibility, electromagnetic radiations stretching far on both sides of the narrow spectral slit visible to our eyes.

We also recognize that we can't always accept the evidence of our senses. To us, the earth appears flat; the stars are pinpoints of light fixed on the dark roof of night; a rock is a dense, motionless solid rather than a mostly empty space sparsely populated by dancing atoms, seemingly "at rest" on a round, unresting earth, itself a speck of cosmic dust lost in the unimaginable vastnesses of galaxies in non-stop flight.

"What is reality?" is, then, a question difficult to answer in any absolute way. On a commonsense, everyday level, we don't usually need to trouble ourselves with such abstruse considerations. As a practical matter, we settle for what our senses report—as long as the senses of others report the same things. Ordinary reality, then, is consensual reality—reality by consensus.

Let's go back to the 10 of us in a room and skip the LSD. If I point to a table, a book, a chandelier, and you all see these objects, their reality will not be questioned. If I say I saw a bird fly through the room, and if no one else saw it, you will think that I am either lying or hallucinating. If a bird really does fly through the room, and if I succeed, through hypnosis, in erasing the event from your minds—though your testimony outweighs mine by nine to one, I am the one who knows what really happened. On the other hand, if I could hypnotize you into accepting a totally imaginary bird flight, you would all swear to the reality you had "seen."

Sheer sophistry? Maybe so. After all, who would have any *reason* to be playing the cosmic jokester, to be tricking us this way all the time? Besides, there must be very few people in the world who have such hypnotic powers (I surely have not). Nevertheless, these are good, instructive "thought games" to play as a reminder of how plastic and suggestible are our minds and our perceptions.

The most pertinent questions that the horizontal and vertical cats give rise to are: how much of our reality is imprinted on us by our culture? And how much is denied us? We are taught what we are taught when we are at our most pliant, long before we have anything to say about it. In the process, what worlds are lost to us? Many creative people in the contemporary human-potential movements are convinced that (just as Don Juan is supposed to have demonstrated to Carlos Castaneda) other realities exist beyond our usual perceptions —realities we could have access to if only we could learn to open ourselves up to them.

Like the horizontally deprived cats, do we blunder around the world, never seeing beautiful places where we might stretch out and ease our souls? Like the missing verticals, do we keep knocking ourselves silly against obstacles we can't see are there?

ALBERT ROSENFELD
Science Editor

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Science

DMSO: Return of a "Wonder" Drug

With claims of curing everything from shingles to schizophrenia, this controversial drug now enters a new pharmaceutical phase.

by John F. Henahan

Nearly nine years after DMSO was cast into a pharmaceutical limbo by the Food and Drug Administration, the drug appears to be on the rise again. Known chemically as dimethyl sulfoxide, the cheap, readily available industrial solvent had been variously touted as "the wonder drug of the Sixties," "the poor people's drug," and "tomorrow's aspirin," before the FDA stepped in and called the whole thing off. In 1965 the government watchdog agency judged that on the basis of animal tests, DMSO was too toxic to be used on human beings. Repercussions from the FDA bombshell were severely felt by the pharmaceutical houses, medical researchers, physicians, and patients who believed that this humble by-product of the pulp and paper industry was useful against a wide range of diseases, ranging in severity from athlete's foot to cancer.

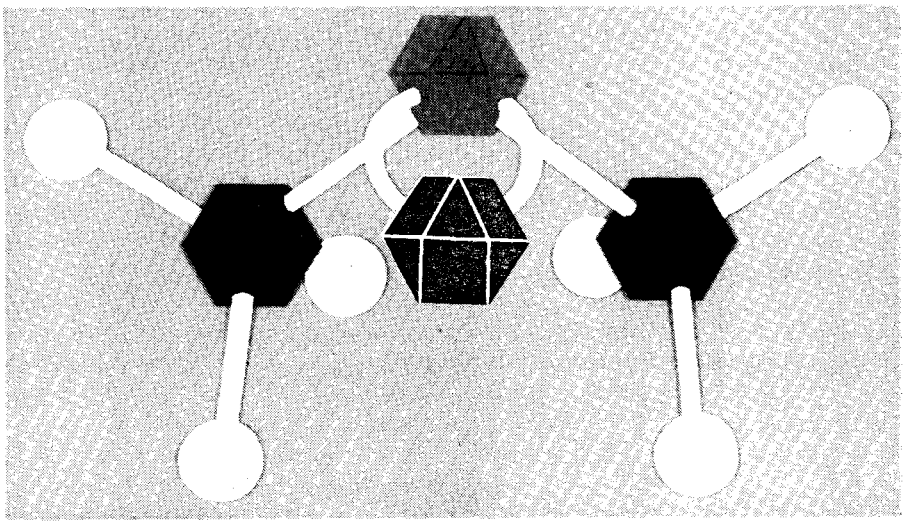
Contributing to the current rejuvenation of interest in DMSO—an oily, water-clear liquid with a garlic-like taste—was last December's meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences, in which researchers from some of the world's major scientific institutions revealed new evidence that DMSO might be one of the most versatile drugs ever developed. Adding popular interest was Doubleday's publication of *The Persecuted Drug—The Story of DMSO*, an unabashedly pro-DMSO, anti-FDA tome written by veteran science writer Pat McGrady, Sr. Perhaps most important to DMSO's future success was the fact that the FDA has been backing away from the "it-shall-not-pass" stance of eight years ago and now is actually encouraging medical investigators to get out there and carry on more clinical trials.

About 11 years ago news of DMSO first popped into the lay press and a few scientific publications, inspired to a large extent by the work and the actions of Dr. Stanley Jacob, assistant professor of surgery at the University of Oregon Medical School in Portland. Dr. Jacob has since become a kind of traveling salesman for what he sees as the wondrous properties of DMSO, picking up along the way enthusiastic supporters and just as enthusiastic detractors. His mostly bumpy sojourn began in 1963, when he observed that if he rubbed DMSO on his arm, he was able to taste its garlicky flavor a few minutes later. Obviously, the drug had passed through his skin, into his bloodstream, and on to the taste buds in his tongue. When he learned that DMSO was able to carry iodine and other substances through the skin in the same way, Dr. Jacob recognized that the odoriferous chemical might be a way to get drugs into underlying tissue and organs that were diseased or otherwise damaged. He became even more enthusiastic when he and other researchers discovered that DMSO alone appeared to provide relief for a galaxy of other afflictions, including bursitis, some forms of arthritis, headaches, sinusitis, burns, wounds, and bruises.

When information about these discoveries was released, it seemed that anyone who could get his hands on DMSO—from individual physicians to researchers in major drug houses—was finding new applications for it, by itself or in combination with other drugs. Within two years, more than 50,000 patients had been treated with the drug, with or without FDA approval. Claims for its efficacy encompassed much of the known realm of pathology: strains, sprains, leukemia and other forms of cancer, such previously incurable skin diseases as shingles and scleroderma; leprosy, frostbite, acne, schizophrenia, mental retardation, radiation damage, and so on. Then to the dismay of Dr. Jacob and just about anyone else who had high hopes for DMSO, the FDA stepped in. Heavily.

As the FDA watched the DMSO cauldron bubble, it became increasingly disturbed over the large number of patients who were being treated with the drug, in many cases under what the agency believed were poorly regulated conditions. In some cases, there was little or no patient follow-up, data were conflicting, inconclusive, weighted heavily by the investigator's enthusiasm, or otherwise suspect. Perhaps, as most studies indicated, DMSO might have been less toxic than many other drugs already on the market. However, that's what was said about thalidomide before the FDA linked that non-toxic tranquilizer to the thousands of tragic malformations that occurred in newborn children in the Sixties.

John F. Henahan is a free-lance science writer who has been following the ups and downs of DMSO for the past 10 years.



University of Oregon Medical School

DMSO is a small, simple molecule, dimethyl sulfoxide: "dimethyl" because of the two methyl groups—a carbon atom (black) with three hydrogens attached; "sulfoxide" because of the sulfur atom (gray) and oxygen atom (color).

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In late 1965 the future for DMSO became suddenly clouded when the FDA learned that in animals, at least, DMSO might have a toxicity problem after all. When rabbits, dogs, and swine were given the drug in exceedingly large doses for long periods—either by mouth or by application to the skin—the lenses of their eyes became clouded and the animals developed myopia. No such deterioration had ever been observed in any of the human patients who had been given the drug, but the animal evidence and the FDA's suspicion that the drug might be toxic in other respects were enough to induce the agency to call for an end to all clinical trials of DMSO on November 2, 1965. The FDA's decision effectively neutralized the impact of a meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences in March 1966, at which the performance of the newly banned drug was examined in great but frustrating detail.

Since then it has become clear that the FDA had jumped too soon. A year following the original ban, the agency announced that after careful consideration of the available data, it had decided DMSO might be tried as a kind of last resort in certain difficult-to-treat conditions, including rheumatoid arthritis, scleroderma, and shingles. Again, in 1968, after a carefully controlled study carried out by Dr. Richard Brobyn with prisoner volunteers in California showed that the lens-clouding problem did not occur in DMSO-treated human beings, the FDA opened the door a little wider. Under rigidly controlled conditions, DMSO could be applied experimentally to the skin of patients suffering from "benign" conditions, such as arthritis, tendinitis, bursitis, synovitis, and other so-called inflammatory diseases.

Nevertheless, the earlier decision by the FDA had left its mark. Drug companies that had previously been very much interested in DMSO backed away from the controversy-tainted drug. Individual researchers bowed out rather than tread the narrow experimental path outlined by the FDA. Some diehards persisted. Dr. Jacob, even after finding himself under the close scrutiny of the FDA because of what it believed were his past infractions of their DMSO guidelines, continued to press the case for the drug whenever and wherever he could.

As a case in point, he tells of a 66-year-old man who came to him two years ago with a severe case of interstitial cystitis, a disease characterized by an urge to urinate every 10 minutes or so. After living with the disease for seven years, the man had found existence almost unbearable. The trip back and forth to work was broken by frequent stops at service-station rest rooms along the way, and sleeping through the night was impossible. By the time he came to Dr. Jacob, the man's weight had dropped from 200 to 115 pounds. After he injected DMSO directly into the bladder, Dr. Jacob says, the man was able to go on a much more normal schedule and has regained much of the lost weight. When asked how he was able to use DMSO in this way without FDA authorization, Dr. Jacob answered, "I just did it. As I look at it, here was an untreatable disease, and in a doctor-patient relationship, I felt that it was morally and ethically correct."

"DMSO appeared to provide relief for a galaxy of other afflictions, including . . . some forms of arthritis, headaches, sinusitis, burns, wounds, and bruises."

Meanwhile DMSO has gained favor elsewhere in the world and is now a prescription drug in Germany, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Argentina, and Chile. In Russia, although still an experimental drug, DMSO has been used alone or with other drugs to treat "dirty wounds," middle-ear infections, and fungal infections of the toes and to reduce swelling after orthopedic surgery.

Back in the United States, at the second meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences arranged by Dr. Jacob last year, it was clear that many researchers in some strongly reputable institutions had not yet given up on DMSO. For example, a group of researchers from Portland—including Dr. Jacob—is now studying, under FDA approval, whether or not DMSO will improve the performance of retarded children ranging in age from 4 to 17. The study will not be completed for another year, but the behavior of 39 children who dropped out of the study for various reasons indicates that DMSO may have caused a doubling in the mental growth of some of the retarded children after the drug was given by mouth. Another group from the University of Oregon Medical School, headed by Dr. S. W. J. Seager, found that DMSO was effective in dogs and horses against a wide variety of cuts, wounds, and bruises caused by automobile accidents, kicks, bites, falls, and rope burns. In another area, scientists from the University of Chicago Pritzker School of Medicine reported that dogs with severe brain and spinal-cord injuries improved noticeably after they were given DMSO by intravenous injection.

Several other reports came from scientists in Chile, where, as Dr. Jacob puts it, DMSO seems to have become "the Chilean acupuncture." One team from the University of Chile in Santiago announced that after children with a form of mental retardation known as Down's syndrome were injected with a mixture of amino acids and DMSO, many of them became more interested in their surrounding environments and improved their language skills. Other Chilean investigators claimed that DMSO, either by itself or with other drugs, appeared to improve the conditions of patients suffering with ear infections, lung disorders, sterility (in females), chronic skin ulcers, and different types of cancer.

Some scientists, including one FDA representative who attended the NYAS symposium, appeared perplexed by the Chilean findings.

"I can't tell much from their work," he said. "The Chileans talked loud and fast, but I don't think we quite understood what they were saying. They can work any way they want without following the kind of protocol [testing regime] that we demand in the United States."

ON THE TEST-TUBE LEVEL, the effects of DMSO upon various cellular systems were equally encouraging. For example, a group from Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City discovered that when cancer cells are grown in DMSO, they seem to take on the "flat sheet" growth pattern of normal cells, rather than piling up in the uninhibited growth pattern of cancer cells. Another team, from the Leo Goodwin Institute for Cancer Research in Fort Lauderdale, observed that when certain anti-cancer drugs were mixed with DMSO, its tumor-killing effect was substantially enhanced in laboratory rodents.

Probably most important to the rejuvenation of DMSO in the past several months is the realization that the FDA

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is "bending over backward to be fair to DMSO," according to Dr. Jacob. The agency has authorized 14 new clinical trials of DMSO in the United States, covering scleroderma, tendinitis, bursitis, shingles, and interstitial cystitis—a clear indication that the agency is no longer as concerned over the toxicity of DMSO as it once was.

At the same time, DMSO has still to regain the momentum it had 10 years ago. Only two of the clinical studies authorized by the FDA are being carried out by a drug company, and those by a small concern in Salt Lake City. None of the large drug companies has yet seen fit to give DMSO another go. One of the large companies, Syntex, now markets DMSO only as a veterinary drug for use in horses. At the present time, a Syntex spokesman maintains, the company has no plans for developing the drug further because "it is too controversial, we have hotter irons in the fire, and the FDA's protocol demands are too restrictive."

An FDA scientist who has been involved with DMSO for the last six years denies that the agency is too demanding and suggests that the major reason why the large drug companies appear to have lost interest is the fact that DMSO is not patentable and that they are not willing to gamble on the small profit margin that goes along with such a cheap product (it costs 40 cents a pint to produce).

"We are allowing INDs [Investigational Exemption for a New Drug] case by case," the FDA scientist said. "We have been lenient and don't feel that we have been overly restrictive. If there are delays, they come from the other side. All the drug companies are interested in is making millions of dollars. No drug company works primarily for the benefit of humanity, does it?"

Agreeing with the FDA scientist is Dr. Brobyn, the Washington State physician who first proved to the FDA's satisfaction that DMSO, even in extremely high doses, does not cause lens-clouding in human beings.

"We're just going to have to tweak the drug companies into a new sense of responsibility. They're going to have to stop thinking about DMSO as a wonder drug primarily useful against serious life-threatening diseases and consider it instead as a drug that's good for common ordinary afflictions, such as bursitis. That's what they did with some of the tranquilizers, and they've become the best-selling drugs ever produced. After all, a physician may see several bursitis patients every week, but he may not see more than one or two cases of scleroderma in his entire career."

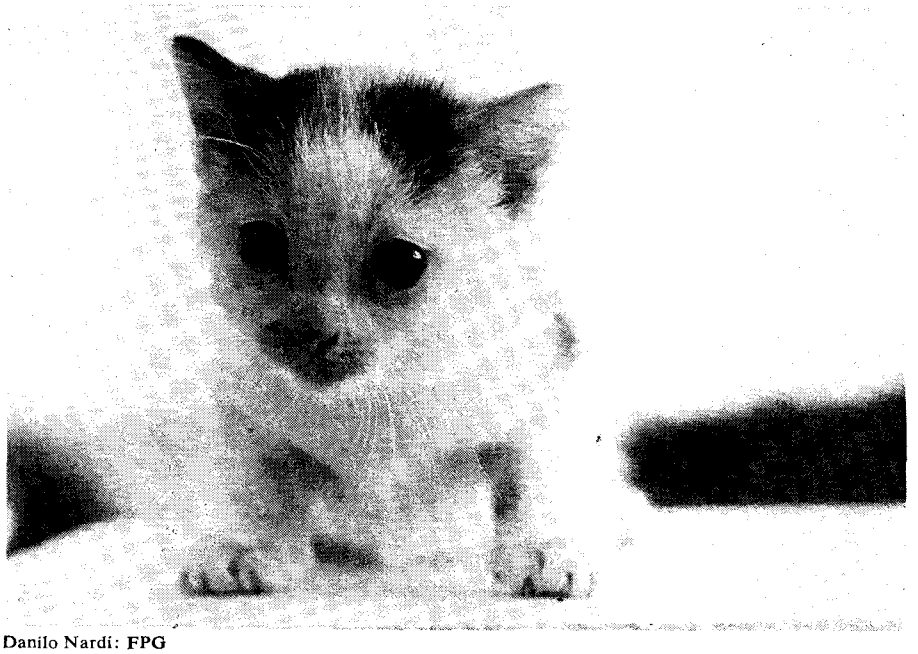
Failing a new initiative by the drug companies themselves, Dr. Brobyn believes that a private research foundation should be created to oversee comprehensive clinical trials of the drug in some of the most down-to-earth areas (including aches and pains), where DMSO appears to have great promise. Once that groundwork has been laid, and if the foundation begins to license the use of DMSO in those areas, the drug firms might once more get back into the act.

"Half of the battle has already been won," says Dr. Brobyn. "The toxicity problem has disappeared, even in the minds of the FDA. As far as I'm concerned, it's the safest drug we've ever studied in medicine. What's left is to convince the people who do such things that DMSO is ready right now for clinical trials in areas that will do the most people the most good." □

Observing the Brain Through a Cat's Eyes

Pioneer vision research on cats leads to new ways of learning how we learn.

by Roger Lewin



Danilo Nardi: FPG

A kitten raised to see only horizontal planes is blind to vertical objects.

What does a baby see when it gazes out on the world around itself? Does it pretty much see what its parents see? Or does each baby see a "mud-luscious, puddle-wonderful" world quite different from the one its parents—and for that matter, all other babies—are looking at?

Scientists and philosophers have argued this question of vision since Aristotle's day. But now researchers experimenting on cats have made revolutionary discoveries about the way we see—discoveries that apply not only to cats but also to the people who feed them.

The main revelation is that the ability to "see straight" does not develop in children automatically, that is, quite apart from any outside influences. Instead, the researchers have found, our visual machinery is strongly shaped by our early experiences—experiences that drasti-

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cally affect the way we see the world in later life and that may even determine how gifted we will be musically and linguistically. It may be that areas of great potential in child development are being wasted simply because we don't teach the right things at the right time, the time when children's brains are most receptive.

The pioneers of the vision research on cats are two Harvard biologists, David Hubel and Torsten Wiesel. When they began their study, in the early Sixties, they expected to find that a cat's early environment has some small shaping influence on the way its vision develops. But like all the other biologists now interested in the work, Hubel and Wiesel have been absolutely amazed by the remarkable flexibility and plasticity displayed by the cat's visual system as it slowly develops. It now appears possible to persuade nerve cells in the cat's brain to do jobs for which they were never designed. Even if the rest of the brain is capable of only a fraction of the plasticity evident in the workings of the visual cortex, there is still a great deal of scope for external influences affecting the way the brain develops.

In the beginning Hubel and Wiesel looked at the activity of nerve cells in the so-called primary area of the visual cortex. These cells turned out to be "feature detectors"—that is, they respond to specific shapes seen by the eye. Generally, there are two types of feature detectors: the ones that are found in many animal species and others that are specific to a particular species. These latter usually enable the animal to flourish in its behavioral environment. For instance, the frog has visual cells that are almost lightheartedly called "bug detectors"; these react when an object the size of a fly enters the animal's field of vision. One can argue that these specific feature detectors are programmed genetically, but it is also tempting to think that they may be at least partly shaped by early environmental influence.

The feature detectors, which Hubel and Wiesel located by means of minute electrodes pushed into the adult cat's brain, turned out to be orientation-selective; that is, they respond to—or, in scientific terms, are "specific to"—any line or edge moving across the animal's visual field along a particular orientation or angle. Any one cell is specific to a particular orientation, but all angles through the entire range of 360 degrees are "covered" by the population of nerve cells in this area of the brain. The Harvard team also discovered that most of the cells here are binocular, or wired up to both eyes.

"Our visual machinery is strongly shaped by our early experiences—experiences that . . . may even determine how gifted we will be musically and linguistically."

In contrast to the adult cat, the visually naive kitten has practically no mature feature detectors. The cells are certainly present in the brain, but they have not yet been recruited to their job. The binocular connections in the kitten are just like the adult's. In one of Hubel and Wiesel's early experiments to try to discover the forces (genetic or environmental) that convert an infant eye to an adult one, they kept a growing kitten in total darkness and then examined its brain. They discovered that the binocular wiring had remained intact, but that the feature detectors had suffered terribly, remaining very immature. Here was a strong indication of environmental input determining brain development.

Next Hubel and Wiesel tried covering just one of an animal's eyes to see what that does to the brain. This time the feature detectors worked fine, but the binocular connections were thrown awry; they had all gone to the one seeing eye. Hubel and Wiesel found that the visual brain was plastic only during a "sensitive period" of the animal's life: from three weeks to three months. Again, this fits in with the notion that early experience is important in brain development.

The obvious implications of this work for an understanding of human development soon drew other research teams in to probe the problems, and the results have been astounding. For instance, Colin Blakemore and his colleagues in Cambridge, England, have found that in a visually inexperienced kitten they can induce the switch from inbuilt binocularity to monocularity after just *six* hours' vision through one eye. The change isn't made immediately; a period of consolidation is required following the programming exposure. Blakemore likens this response to learning and memory: in learning, an experience is slotted into a temporary store (short-term memory), and then a more permanent record is made (long-term memory).

The binocular/monocular switch is even more remarkable because it can be repeated again and again. If first one eye is covered, and then the other, and so on, the brain connections with the eyes will switch each time to the seeing eye, but once again this elaborate neural dance is possible only during the sensitive period.

The most remarkable results come from the plasticity of the feature detectors. Following up the early Harvard experiments, Colin Blakemore and Graham Cooper at Cambridge and Nico Spinelli and Helmut Hirsch at Stanford hit on the same idea: to put visually naive kittens into artificial environments to see if the feature detectors can be manipulated. It turns out that they can.

For instance, the Cambridge kittens were reared in visual environments consisting only of vertical stripes *or* horizontal stripes, not both. When the animals emerged from their striped worlds into the real visual world, they behaved in a most extraordinary way. "Horizontal" cats were perfectly capable of jumping onto a chair to settle down for a sleep; but when walking on the floor, they kept bumping into the chair legs, just as if the legs were invisible. In contrast, "vertical" animals had no difficulty in negotiating the chair-leg hazards, but they never tried to jump onto a chair; it was as if the seat were not there.

When the Blakemore team looked inside the kittens' heads, the animals' curious behavior was explained at once. The vertical cats had no horizontal-feature detectors; so they literally could not see anything that was composed of horizontal lines, like the seat of a chair. And the horizontal animals had only horizontal detectors, which made it impossible for them to see the vertical chair legs. These animals really were blind to things in their environment that were perfectly visible to you and me and to any self-respecting cat, all because of their unusual early experience.

This curious saga gets more curious still. Very recently Blakemore and his team, and California researchers Jack Pettigrew and Horace Barlow, managed to pervert all of the orientation detectors in cats: the researchers made the detectors respond to spots, not lines—something that the cells were never "designed" to do. The trick was simply to bring up

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"Probably the most important skill that children learn is how to learn. . . . Too often we give children answers to remember rather than problems to solve. This is a mistake."

the animals in a spotty environment rather than a stripy one. Electrodes probed into the animals' brains revealed that it was spots displayed in the visual field that excited the cells in the visual cortex, not lines as in normal animals. Because the animals have to create a picture of their external world by synthesizing the responses of these nerve cells, it is anyone's guess what the unfortunate felines actually "saw" when they emerged—probably a fuzzy, hazy picture, somewhat like fog.

Blakemore and Don Mitchell, a colleague from Dalhousie University, Canada, decided to measure the speed at which the character of the feature detectors is specified. The researchers were more than astounded at the result, for they discovered that, with as little as one hour's visual experience, the way an animal's feature detectors function can be pretty well changed. The analogy with learning again enters one's mind.

Most people now agree that the cat's "visual-sensitive" period falls within the three-week-to-three-month span that Hubel and Wiesel noticed, with the most sensitive time occurring at about five weeks. This makes good developmental sense, because it is at this time that the animal's eyes have just about swung round to their correct positions in the sockets and the fluid within the eyes has become clear. But what about humans? Is there the same plasticity? If so, is there a sensitive period? If so, when is it?

Inevitably, the evidence for humans has to be rather more indirect than it has been for cats, but the indications are that there is not much difference between us and our feline cousins. For instance, infants with uncorrected squint or severe astigmatism finish up with permanent defects; spectacles cannot help them because it is the brain that appears to be at fault, not the eyes. In contrast, astigmatism that develops in adulthood can be corrected optically. This indicates that, like the brain of the cat, the immature human brain *is* plastic, while the adult brain is not. Blakemore says that the human visual-sensitive period probably spans the years from two to four. Visual defects really should be corrected before then.

Possibly the most intriguing discovery in this whole tale has come just recently from Canadian researchers Robert Annis and Barrie Frost. They examined the visual abilities of city-dwellers and compared them with those of Cree Indians living in tepees on the east coast of James Bay. In the past researchers had found that "normal" people have better visual acuity (can see most sharply) in the horizontal and vertical axes. But what Annis and Frost found throws into question this concept of normality. They discovered that the Cree Indians have no particular axis of high visual acuity and are not especially attuned to horizontal and vertical lines. These people had, of course, been brought up in the country and away from the city, which is dominated by rectangular shapes. It may well be that the normal horizontal and vertical visual-acuity preferences are imposed on us simply because we live in a rectangular world. If houses were spherical instead of boxlike, things might be different. Despite the Cree Indians' lack of particular acuity in vertical and horizontal axes, they'd be able to get around New York City just as well as the rest of us. The crucial point is that human vision does appear to display the same kind of plasticity found in the experimental cats. And what is true of vision probably applies to our other senses as well.

Pediatricians have long recognized that infants should not be closeted in drab, visually unstimulating nurseries; the work with cats now gives that intuitive realization some scientific backing. But can we go further than this? Will a child become a musical genius if he is bombarded with Beethoven, Bach, and Berlioz from the day he is born? Will talking to a child in a spectrum of languages enhance his linguistic talent? And will one be the parent of a great mathematician if one teaches his infant the elements of logic at a tender age? The answer to all of these is, probably, "up to a point."

Almost certainly, the learning capacity of the human brain has not been exploited to the full by current educational approaches. The essential point is the possible existence of sensitive periods, not just for visual development, but for music, language, logic, and artistic talents. For instance, everyone acquires the elements of his language between the age of two and four. So why wait another six years before teaching a child a second and third language? The brain is clearly attuned to language acquisition in the early years, and there is a lot of evidence about the ease with which youngsters pick up a foreign language to which they are exposed. It would probably be a mistake to try to teach children two languages at once when they are only two years old, because there would be retroactive interference between the languages. But a child of four could start on a new language.

Musical talent very often runs in families. It may be "in the genes," of course, but there is undoubtedly a large environmental element, too. Children exposed to a lot of music when young are almost always more musically talented than average; how much this development is due to encouragement and opportunity is difficult to tell. But evidence that the musical brain becomes keyed in to its early experiences comes from the observation that people who develop perfect pitch while exposed to a slightly out-of-tune instrument always match their pitch to the instrument's. Although playing Beethoven to one's infant will probably not cause an environmentally generated reincarnation of the grand master, it may well produce a more-than-usually musically talented child.

Probably the most important skill that children learn is *how* to learn. The mark of intelligence is the facility for solving problems. Too often we give children answers to remember rather than problems to solve. This is a mistake. Unless children develop the art of problem-solving—whether by analytical logic or by non-sequential intuition—their brains will remain underexploited. Everyone knows that infants go through a period of being intensely curious. This curiosity is probably a behavioral expression of the brain's most sensitive period for acquiring knowledge and learning techniques.

Researchers will now turn their minds to discovering more about specific sensitive periods in the development of the brain, whether it be for language acquisition, enhancing musical talent, or simply learning how to learn. Unless these periods are exploited to the full at the right time, their potential may be lost forever. □

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(**Report:** *continued from page 11.*)
hard to come by, probably a million and a half Portuguese are now working in Northern Europe. Most come from rural areas. As a result, labor is at a premium in the Alentejo, and wages have reached record levels. Enlightened landowners like Manuel Dias now pay their hired hands $7.60 a day.

The region is reputed to be a Communist stronghold, but except for some hammer-and-sickles daubed on walls, there is no evidence of social turmoil. Reports of vindictive farm hands' burning crops in protest against age-old inequities appear to have been exaggerated. For the moment, Alentejo villagers are after more money, not an overturn of the system. At the Cooperativa Hortícola do Divor, where local women in neat green uniforms can tomatoes, olives, and other Alentejo produce, I inquired if there had been labor unrest since the revolution. "Our girls in the packing plant felt they had to protest about *something*," the manager said. "After all, everybody in Portugal was going out on strike for a while. So they complained they weren't being given coffee on the job like the girls in the office. That was the extent of our revolutionary agitation." At the Divor cannery, wages have also reached record levels: in line with a new minimum-wage law, women workers there now get $132 a month.

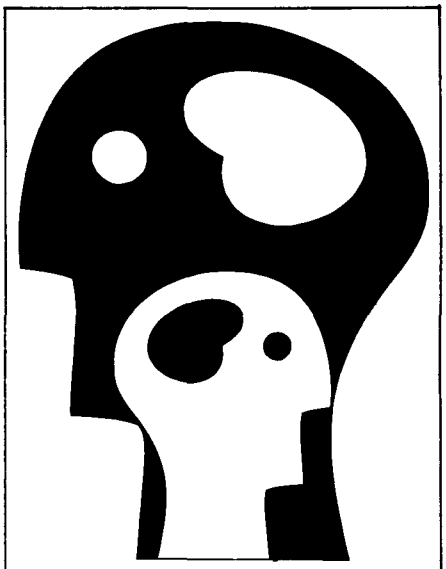
These are the people who will be in the driver's seat next March, when the country goes to the polls to choose its first elected government in half a century. Small landowners in the north, hired hands in the south, and fishermen on the coasts make up a majority of Portugal's electorate, and it is they who are expected to be a decisive pivot between the country's otherwise politically polarized constituents—industrial workers on the one hand, businessmen and large property owners on the other. It is always risky to underestimate the political sagacity of the common man, but one cannot help wondering how shrewdly these ill-educated villagers will cast their votes. For 50 years they have been politically lobotomized, passive pawns of the Salazarist state. It is not their fault that Portugal has languished so long in the deep freeze—with no tradition of democratic processes, no history of political give-and-take, no familiarity with a free press—but the hazards of a hasty thaw are nonetheless apparent.

Even sophisticated city dwellers are not really well informed. News from whatever source—the press, radio, television—comes in strong left-wing flavors these days. After decades of censorship and obscurantist rigidity, Portugal is awash in a sea of unfettered journalism. Radical writers and editors now call the tune even on old, established papers. There is almost no place where middle-of-the-road opinion can make itself heard. Nobody knows this better than Leonardo Ferraz de Carvalho, the maverick editor of *Tempo Econômico*, who has seen his image change from that of radical to reactionary in less than six months. Because his magazine consistently questioned the social and economic policies of the former Caetano government, Ferraz de Carvalho was considered alarmingly left-wing before April 25. "Today," he says, "I'm called a rightist. Why? Because I continue to believe in capitalism." Militant unionists have on occasion refused to print or distribute his magazine in protest against its supposedly "fascist" policies. Doubtless the journalistic pendulum will eventually begin to swing in the opposite direction; already Portugal's ruling junta has suspended a particularly inflammatory Maoist weekly and handed some pointed warnings to the daily press. But news reporting is still lopsided, and to be adequately informed, one must rely on foreign papers and broadcasts.

THE ECONOMIC storm clouds darkening the country, however, are visible to all. Millions of escudos have left Portuguese banks and gone into hiding. Construction is at a virtual standstill. Multinational corporations are withholding investments, and emigrant workers their usual homeward remittances. Worst of all, tourism—an important source of income and foreign exchange—is off at least 40 percent. This is a bad year for holiday trade everywhere, but the threat of political unrest and the outbreak of cholera has made it a disastrous one for the resorts on the Costa do Sol and the Algarve. (Some say Portugal has always had cases of cholera in the summertime; the only difference this year is that the news hasn't been suppressed.)

"Come to Portugal," the posters proclaim; "it's free." No, it's expensive. Myths die hard, but the myth of Portugal as a bargain paradise should be buried once and for all. Its rate of inflation is by far the highest in Europe. Something like a 50 percent rise in

(Continued on page 60.)



OPEN MIND

discusses

"IS JUSTICE DONE?"

Does our criminal justice system strike the crucial balance between the rights of the individual and the right of society to protect itself?

Produced by WPIX, New York, in cooperation with Saturday Review/World, and moderated by

Richard D. Heffner,

Professor of Communications and Public Policy at Rutgers University, author of "A Documentary History of the United States"; and editor of Tocqueville's "Democracy in America"

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Who Says So?

In a column called "Linguistic Inanities" (*SR/W*, July 13), I suggested that there was nothing wrong with "aren't I?" as a colloquial substitute for "am I not?"—little knowing that I was attacking quasi-religious dogma by doing so. All hell broke loose, and I felt the slings and arrows of outraged purists. Dozens of them.

One lady asked, "Have you ever in your pseudo-democratic life heard *anyone* say, 'I are not'? I doubt it. Then why on earth should anyone say, 'Aren't I?' Such a senseless, 'inane' manufacture has no justification in logic, grammar, clarity, or colloquiality.

"Whatever you say, 'aren't I?' is certainly *not* almost universal. I've never said it in my puff, never expect to, and never remember anyone saying it. I was surprised to see you dub it 'colloquially respectable.' "

I'm puzzled by that use of "puff," but let it pass. And I won't pick on "never remember anyone saying it," except to suggest that if the lady really doesn't remember hearing "aren't I?," she, as a self-styled "intelligent, college-educated, well-read, lively, middle-aged woman," either has a faulty memory or has led a very sheltered, however lively, life. And it wasn't I, but H. W. Fowler in *Modern English Usage*, who said "aren't I?" was "almost universal" and who dubbed it "colloquially respectable." He and I agree, but the words are his.

A correspondent from Indiana says, " 'Aren't I?' . . . may sound smoother because we are used to it, but wrong it is.

"Neither Webster nor Fowler is an authority on what is 'right' in English. They, the lexicographers, have no judicial powers. Webster and Fowler are reporters. That is right to them which is used by a majority."

I get the impression that many people who can't accept "aren't I?" feel quite at home with sentences like "That is right to them which is used by a majority." *De gustibus. . . .*

But this gentleman has hit upon the crux of the matter: "They, the lexicographers, have no judicial powers."

Who *has* judicial powers?

I think I first wondered about who decided what was "good" English and what was "bad" English when I was taught that we should say "I shall" and "you will" except when there's volition implied, when it becomes "I will" and "you shall."

That struck me as being at once very arbitrary and very fuzzy—a combination that made me uneasy. It wasn't that I was going to worry about what to say; as a practical matter, I was going to say "I'll," except in response to questions such as "Who'll finish up the ice cream?" —in which case I'd say, "*I* will." But the "I shall, you will"–"I will, you shall" problem nagged me, partly because I knew I could never bring myself to say, "I shan't," but, more important, because of the honorable principle of "Who says so?"

Fowler knew that while it has its logic, the English language is not a logical system and is affected by the winds and tides of human behavior.

"Aren't I?" may not be logical, but neither is the verb *to be* logical. In fact, the *Oxford English Dictionary*'s opening shot at the verb *be* goes "an irregular and defective verb." The fact is that *be, am, is, are, was,* and *were* came from different parts of the world and found themselves huddled together in the super-accommodating arms of the English language.

"Aren't" is as logical and as illogical for "am not" as "won't" is for "will not." The point is that logic has nothing to do with the case. Sometimes the language is logical, and sometimes it isn't. It's possible for it to be "good-logical" and ugly or "bad-illogical" and beautiful. Every educated person knows that "more perfect" is illogical, "bad" English. But if the Preamble to the Constitution said, "We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more nearly perfect union," I think we'd have lost something.

As with so many questions of language, appropriateness is the key. "Am I not to be accorded the rights and privileges of citizenship as well as its obligations" is much better than "Aren't I to be accorded . . ."; but if you're in a crowd before the deli counter, "I'm after you, aren't I?" is much more fitting than "I'm after you, am I not?"

Asked why, I'm reminded of Louis Armstrong, who, when asked, "What is jazz?" answered, "If you gotta ask what is it, you ain't never gonna know."

If there's one unshakably valid grammatical rule based on logic, it's the one against the double negative, but it's my feeling, probably unverifiable, that the more you know about the English language, the more beautiful you'll find Louis Armstrong's answer, illogical and ungrammatical though it is. □

"Parlez-vous Paleolithic?"

Answers to *Wit Twister* (see page 28): draws, sward, wards.

Answer to *Literary Crypt No. 18* (see page 34): The greatest pleasure: to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

Charles Lamb

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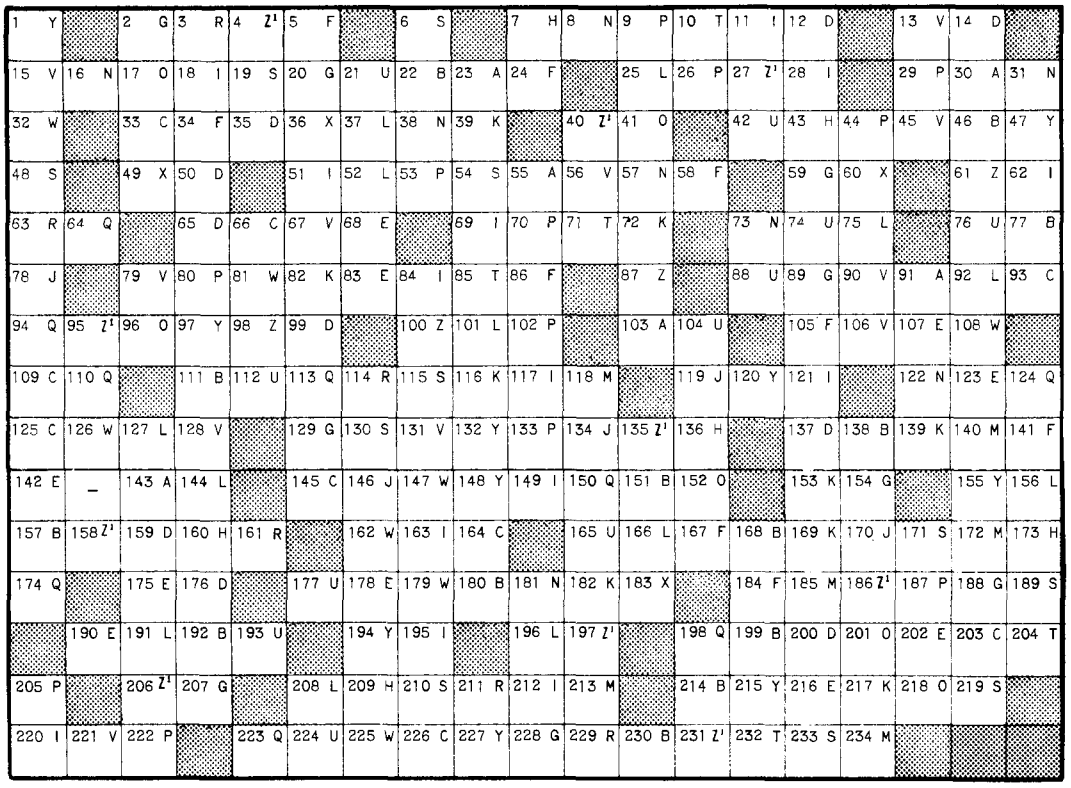
Double-Crostic No. 58

by Thomas H. Middleton



INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Former duchy of W. Germany; capital, Wiesbaden	23 30 55 91 103 143
B. Living or growing in a heath	151 168 180 199 214 230 22 46 77 111 138 157 192
C. Small, delicate fish cooked whole without being cleaned, in Europe	33 66 93 125 164 109 145 203 226
D. Sharing equally (comp.)	14 35 50 65 99 137 159 176 200 12
E. Blend	175 68 83 107 123 142 178 190 202 216
F. Flagrant	5 24 34 58 86 105 141 167 184
G. Libertines, rakes	188 207 228 2 20 129 59 89 154
H. Sketches; hauls; composes	136 43 160 209 7 173
I. Lily-livered	212 69 84 149 18 51 117 163 195 220 11 28 62 121
J. Capital of Morocco	146 170 78 119 134
K. Completely dependable	182 217 72 82 116 139 153 169 39
L. Projection	75 52 92 156 196 144 166 191 208 25 37 101 127
M. Information, ideas, or mental capacities possessed	140 172 118 185 213 234
N. Not commendable or creditable	16 38 122 181 57 73 8 31
O. Most delicate or subtle	41 201 17 96 152 218
P. State of N. India, formerly United Provinces (2 wds.)	187 205 44 70 80 53 102 133 222 9 29 26
Q. Firmness in position	64 94 198 113 124 150 223 174 110
R. Convenient for being employed for a purpose	229 63 3 114 161 211
S. Eng. poet (1880–1958; "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern"; full name)	6 171 210 19 130 189 233 54 115 48 219
T. Web-footed, diving birds of the genus *Gavia*	71 232 10 85 204
U. Heavyweight boxing champion, 1908–15 (full name)	165 42 88 21 76 112 74 224 177 193 104
V. Bright and industrious (comp.)	56 131 67 90 106 79 13 15 45 221 128
W. Furrows, streaks	32 162 179 126 108 147 81 225
X. Fling or move restlessly about	36 49 60 183
Y. "A noble and puissant nation . . . shaking her _____ locks (Milton, "Areopagitica")	1 97 215 148 120 155 227 194 47 132
Z. Mass of ice detached from an iceberg, glacier, or floe	98 87 61 100
Z1. Removal of persons or things from an endangered area	135 4 40 158 95 27 206 231 186 197

Answer to Double-Crostic No. 57 appears on page 36.

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(Continued from page 57.)
the cost of living has occurred over the past 12 months, with the result that food prices are comparable to those in the United States and gasoline costs $2.25 a gallon. Yet salaries remain abysmally low. Though the new government's minimum wage of $132 a month is said to have benefited half of Portugal's laborers, it is plainly inadequate, and to make ends meet, most people must work at more than one job.

Soon there may not be enough jobs to go around. For the first time in many years, Portugal faces the prospect of massive unemployment. The falloff in tourism and construction, the general decline in business activity, has already put about 80,000 people out of work. By the end of the year, when the army begins to bring home and demobilize its divisions in Africa, the unemployment rate could run considerably higher—perhaps as much as 5 percent of the total 3.2 million work force. In a country without meaningful unemployment insurance or union reserve funds, 150,000 men out of work could turn nasty. So far the Communist party, which has been cultivating an image of responsible partnership in the provisional government, is keeping a tight lid on strikes and other unpleasant manifestations of proletarian dissatisfaction. No one can say how long this discipline will continue. Tensions are building, and sober citizens like Ferraz de Carvalho fear the specter of mob rule by late fall or early winter should an army of unemployed begin responding to the prods of Maoist rabble-rousers.

CLEARLY, something must be done—either to reactivate capitalism or to initiate a radical reform of Portuguese society. But who is minding the store? Although the provisional government includes civilian representatives of three chief political parties (Communist, Socialist, and the centrist Popular Democratic party), real power resides with the officers of the Armed Forces Movement. Their strong suit is decidedly not economics. They overthrew the Caetano regime in order to liquidate a futile and cripplingly costly war in Africa, and that they have done. Soon the world's last colonial empire will be a thing of the past. But it is one thing to withdraw with grace and goodwill from an indefensible posture overseas and another to cope with the challenge of restoring democracy and a functioning economy at home. Much of the action to date has taken the form of reshuffling ministerial heads. As Magalhaes Mota, a centrist leader, put it: "Everyone wants to know who's driving the bus, but no one seems to ask which way it's going."

The position of General António de Spínola, president of the republic, is puzzling. Is he Portugal's de Gaulle, a father figure who will hold the ship of state on a steady course for years to come? Or is he an interim player in the revolutionary drama, a Danton waiting for Robespierre (or a Naguib before a Nasser)? The answer is not yet forthcoming. Nor will we have a clue until it is clear whether elections are really to be held next March. The government is committed to them. But if it appears that the Communists could seize power in the aftermath, those elections would most probably be postponed. Though leaders of the Armed Forces Movement are leftist in political orientation, they may not fancy themselves as Communist *apparatchiks*, and most would undoubtedly agree with General Spínola's dictum that "the revolution was not made in order for power to pass from one extreme to the other." Significantly, a new security force, COPCON (for *Comando Operacional do Continente*), has been formed to ensure the maintenance of law and order (read "strike breaking" and "crowd dispersal"). At its helm is 37-year-old General Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, the left-leaning officer who masterminded the April revolution—and who bears watching as a potential Nasser.

If Portuguese democracy remains a fragile seedling, threatened by economic realities and political naiveté, there is still no mistaking the sense of relief and elation abroad in the land. One need only talk to a young television producer and hear his account of being kept awake for five nights and six days by the old regime's secret police to know that, whatever the tergiversations and ineptitudes of the present government, things are far better than they were. Almost overnight Portugal has become an open society. Junior ministers in government now work in tieless sport shirts, secretaries wear hip-hugging blue jeans, and couples spend their evenings at porno movies. These may seem unremarkable and superficial attainments, but in a country that was the epitome of square conformity until April 25, they symbolize a profound unshackling of the national spirit.

LIBERTY HAS of course been accompanied by license. There is not a public wall or a statue in Lisbon that is not smeared with posters and spray-painted slogans. Teachers have been heckled to excess by student agitators. And violent crime is on the increase. According to old-timers—wealthy expatriates at Cascais, for example—the collective Portuguese character has undergone a marked change for the worse: people, they say, are more selfish, irresponsible, greedy, wanting in community spirit.

It does not appear that way here in Évora, where the kindly dignity of ordinary relationships seems unaffected by events in Lisbon. "Maybe we talk too much," Mayor Bagulho conceded after a tiring and tiresome meeting of the town council late one night, "but we are all working for the common good, and it is important for everyone to make himself heard." He thought for a moment about the old days when town decisions were made by rubber stamp. "Yes," he sighed, "democracy is not nearly so tidy." □

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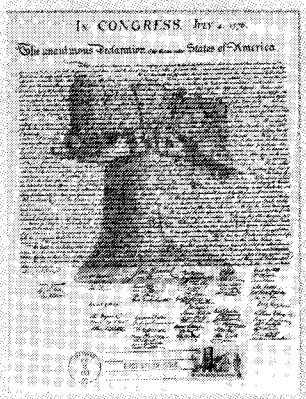

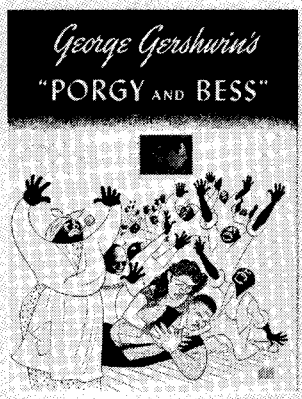

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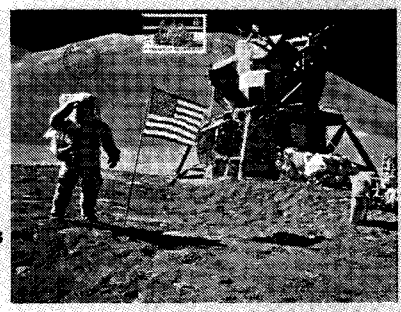

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